

JULY 1946

The American Mercury

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE IN COLLEGES
CAN COURTS RULE LABOR?
NEED WE FEAR TROPICAL DISEASES?

Dan W. Dodson
Louis Waldman

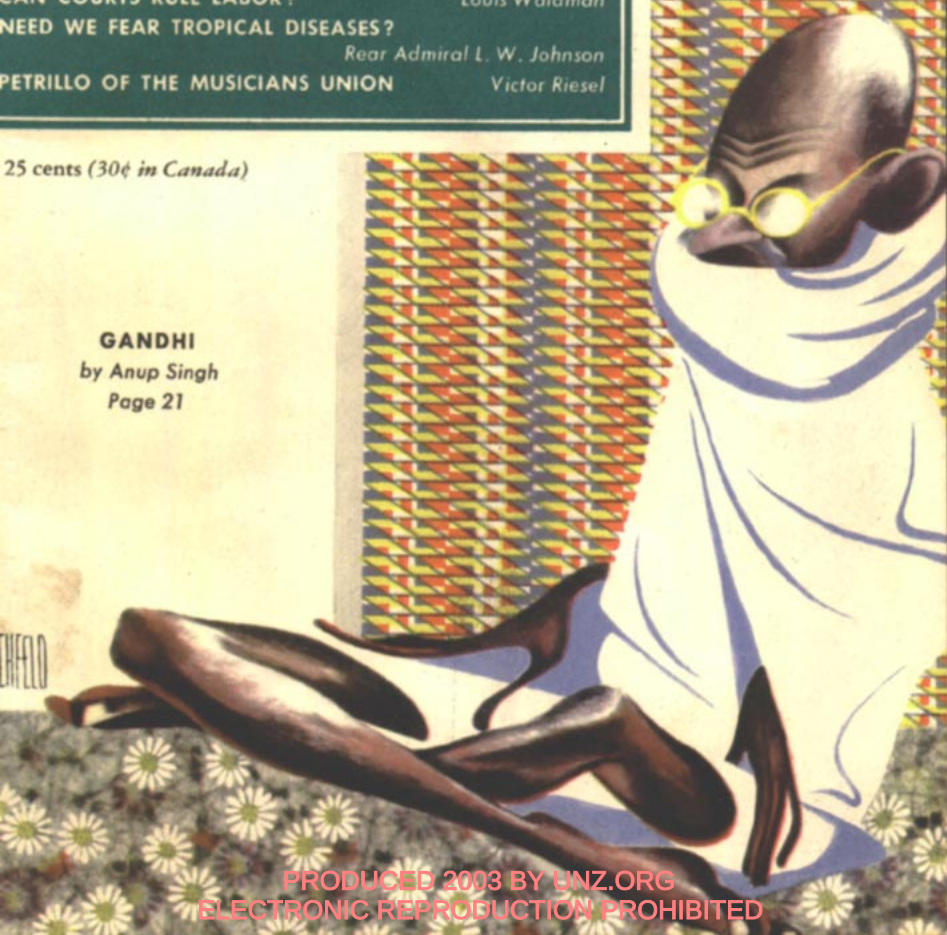
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CHAPMAN



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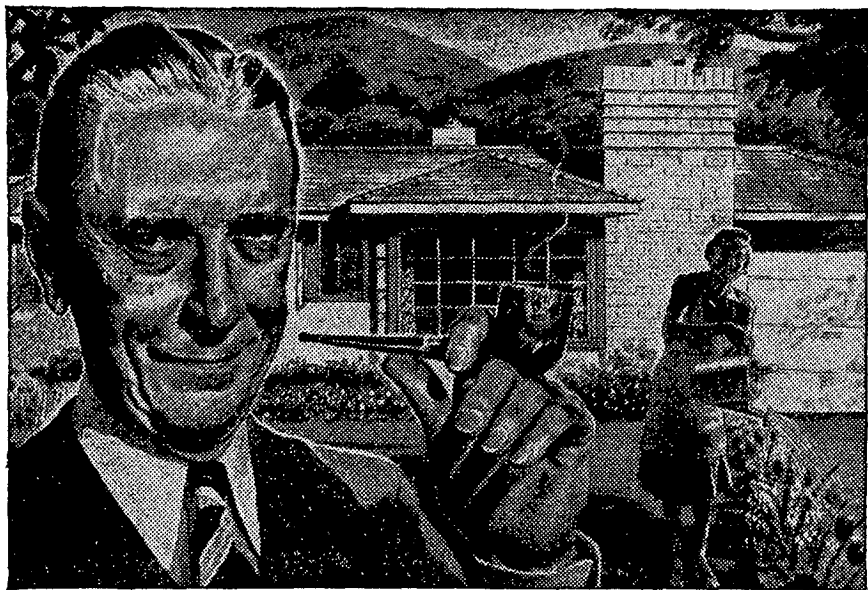
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The American MERCURY

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE IN COLLEGES

BY DAN W. DODSON

WHEREVER young Americans of "minority" races and religions are denied, by the open or secret application of a quota system, the opportunity to obtain a medical, law or engineering education, apologists for the system have a standardized justification. An AMERICAN MERCURY survey of discrimination in medical colleges (published last October) disclosed both the shocking extent of the quota restrictions and the prevalence of that justification.

In their racial-religious composition, the apologists contend, the professions must maintain ratios which correspond to those found in the composition of the whole population. Were the institutions of higher learning left wide open to ambition and sheer merit, they argue, the pro-

fessions would be "unbalanced" by a disproportionate influx of Catholics, Negroes and Jews.

Such racial arithmetic hardly accords with our vaunted principles of democratic equality. In effect it establishes categories of citizenship. It discriminates against tens of millions of citizens by denying their sons and daughters a free and equal choice of profession. If a ratio must be imposed on the basis of race, why not on the basis of weight or height or hair pigmentation? Forcing a potentially great surgeon to take up some other trade makes sense only on the voodoo level of murky prejudice. It not only deprives a citizen of his legal and human rights but, no less important, it deprives the country of his potentially valuable services.

DAN W. DODSON is executive director of the Mayor's Committee on Unity, in New York City. He is managing editor of the *Journal of Educational Sociology* and assistant professor in the School of Education of New York University.

But whatever color of logic there may be to the contention about "balancing" the personnel of the professions, it fades out when general education — enrollment in the liberal arts colleges and universities — is involved. Indeed, the spurious argument for racial ratios implies that minority students are not barred from higher education as such — they are merely kept from inundating and upsetting the racial equilibrium in certain professional fields.

Following up its study of the medical colleges, therefore, THE AMERICAN MERCURY gathered data for a similar survey of the liberal arts institutions. It sought a clear-cut answer to the fundamental question: do Jews, Catholics and Negroes enjoy the same chance to obtain a general higher education as the rest of our citizenry?

Unhappily the answer is clearly and overwhelmingly in the negative. The survey revealed that quota restrictions and other types of discrimination are as widespread in the liberal arts as in the professional schools. For many qualified students the problem is no longer "What college shall I choose?" but "Can I get into any college?"

The worst offenders, the inquiry indicated, are the private, non-sectarian colleges and universities, and particularly the big, so-called "name colleges" of the East. At the moment the condition is aggravated by the record postwar boom in education, due in part to the provisions of the "GI Bill of Rights." With available

accommodations increasingly limited, the plight of the minority student is becoming acute.

Because anti-democratic practices are more difficult to rationalize and justify in the domain of general education than in the professional schools, discrimination in the former is surrounded with even more hypocrisy and double talk. Of the 700 liberal arts colleges covered by the survey, 520 or 74 per cent provided answers to a detailed questionnaire. Nearly all — 99 per cent, to be exact — answered "No" in response to the question as to whether or not they exclude Catholics and Jews. Only four of the 520 acknowledged that they exclude Catholic students; seven declared that they bar Jews. (Ninety-four admitted exclusion of Negroes, but the great majority of them are in the South where a dual educational system along color lines prevails.)

These figures give a true measure of the pervasive hypocrisy on the issue. Virtually all college and university officials are aware that discrimination is the rule rather than the exception. In private they readily admit the fact — provided the investigator agrees to keep the admission anonymous.

Although exact figures are not available, the evidence leaves little doubt that the traditional, well-known colleges reject many thousands of students each year on the primary ground of race and religion. For example, Colgate University admits about four or five Jewish boys each

year. Yet Colgate receives anywhere from 200 to 300 applications from Jewish students. Similarly, Dartmouth admits little more than twenty-five or thirty Jews yearly out of well over 500 Jewish applicants.

In other words, a Jewish boy has about one chance in twenty of getting in, while the non-Jewish lad finds that the odds are probably less than two to one against him. Frequently there are no odds at all. These figures can be duplicated roughly at virtually all other traditional liberal arts institutions. Even more flagrant discrimination, when the number of Jewish applicants is considered, is practiced by the so-called "Big Seven" women's colleges — Barnard, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke and Radcliffe.

The camouflaged techniques by which the colleges weed the sheep from goats follow a fairly standardized pattern. About 90 per cent of all colleges and universities in the United States require a statement of the student's religion or "religious preferences" in their application blanks. Usually the candidates are asked to declare not only their religion but other information bearing on their racial origin, such as nationality, father's birthplace, church affiliations, etc. The information blank prepared by the Freshman Office of Yale contains these questions: (1) "To what religious body or denomination do you belong?" (2) "What is the name and address of your home church?" (3) "Please state what social

service or religious work, if any, you have done in school or at home." Bryn Mawr takes no chances on any concealment of original racial sin: it asks for the names and birthplaces of the candidates' four grandparents. The well-nigh universal requirement of a photograph of the applicant provides an additional check.

II

Princeton University maintains a tight Jewish quota of less than 4 per cent. In 1936, the last year for which detailed figures are at hand, it had 51 Jewish students in an enrollment of 2295 — a fraction over 2 per cent. But formally it declares:

"Each candidate is considered as an individual without regard to race, color, creed or any quota system. Selection is based on the applicant's character, promise and academic achievements."

This contrast between words and deeds runs through most of the replies elicited by the survey. Thus Cornell, with one of the most notorious quota policies in the country, declares piously: "We have no quota system, and we keep no records on the number represented by the various minority groups at Cornell."

The dean of another outstanding college in a formal statement has denied the existence of any kind of discrimination. But one of the admission officers provided this strictly anonymous comment:

"There is no quota system in the

sense that there is a literally exact percentage of Jewish and Catholic students accepted, but in the case of Jewish students, for example, the percentage never rises above 11 per cent."

In the spring of 1945 a dozen graduates of the Horace Mann School for Boys applied to Dartmouth. All but one were rejected — he was the one Christian in the dozen; as it happened, his scholarship record was lower than that of most of his rejected classmates.

The top ten students of one of the better New York high schools applied to the Cornell liberal arts division for admission. The first eight on the list, Jewish boys, were turned down. The ninth and tenth were accepted; one of them was not a Jew and the other had a non-Jewish name and was un-Semitic in looks. The official alibi for excluding the eight with superior scholarship ratings was that they lacked "potential leadership" and "assimilability."

Last summer five students from Evander Childs High School, New York, applied to Columbia College. Three of them were Jewish — members of the honor society, Arista, with commendable records. The other two, non-Jews, had average grades and had not made the Arista. These two were accepted, their three Jewish classmates rejected. Columbia, located in the heart of the world's largest Jewish population, holds its Jewish enrollment down to about 15 per cent of the total student body.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology received fourteen applications from one school system — seven Jewish, seven non-Jewish. All the non-Jews were admitted, all the Jews were turned down.

Educational institutions, of course, do not often put in writing the real reason for excluding a candidate. Yet we have seen letters sent to unsuccessful candidates explaining offhandedly that the "Jewish quota" has been filled, or indicating openly in other ways that Jews are not welcome. For instance, the president of Harcum Junior College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, wrote to an inquiring parent: "I assume that you are Jewish and, since we have no girls of the Hebrew faith at Harcum this year, and have none enrolled for the next year, I sincerely believe that your daughter would be happier at another junior college."

The junior colleges, of course, follow the same pattern of prejudice as the senior institutions. A survey by the executive offices of the American Association of Junior Colleges of thirty of their schools showed that the quota system is universally imposed, though it is rarely acknowledged in so many words.

Emerson College, Boston, notified a Jewish girl of the rejection of her application in this fashion: "Due to the fact that our enrollments have become out of balance, we are obliged to refuse all Jewish applicants until a balance has been restored. It is with particular regret that we refuse an

application with as high a scholastic record as yours."

When called upon for an explanation, S. Justus McKinley, chairman of the Emerson faculty, showed wide-eyed surprise that it should upset anyone. His statement is worth quoting in some detail as typical of prevailing attitudes in the liberal arts institutions:

I am writing to express my personal regret that our adherence to the policy followed by the great majority of small American colleges in regard to maintaining a reasonable balance among religious groups should have appeared to you as a case of unjust religious discrimination.

Religious or racial discrimination of any kind is abhorrent to me personally and I take every opportunity presented in my teaching to show that anti-Semitism is not only un-American but scientifically unsound. But I am convinced that the policy of maintaining a reasonable balance among religious groups, when honestly followed, is not discriminatory but is for the best interests of the Jewish students themselves. . . .

If any college, particularly an urban college, neglects to maintain a proper balance through its admissions policy, it is apt to get the reputation of being a purely Jewish school. In such a case the Jewish students themselves become unhappy because they have the feeling of being segregated and lose that sense of freedom from discrimination which comes only from full participation in all the activities of a student body which represents a true cross-section of the American community. . . .

May I say that this letter was not written to defend or apologize for the policy of Emerson which is that of most other colleges, but in the hope that this explanation might be of some service to you, just as I have always tried to be of service to my many friends among our

fine Jewish students when they encounter any of the problems that arise from being a member of a minority group in a community not yet sufficiently well educated to throw off past prejudices or superstitions or to accord complete understanding to minorities.

What the obviously honest and well-meaning Dr. McKinley fails to understand is that it is "the policy followed by the great majority of small American colleges," his included, which forces the rejected and insulted minority students to flock to the rare school that does admit them, giving it "the reputation of being a purely Jewish school." A more democratic policy on the part of the educational world would distribute students naturally, on the basis of their aptitudes and preferences, and would automatically provide "a true cross-section of the American community" on every campus.

A number of colleges shift the blame for discrimination on the parents. It is "sound business," they indicate, to bar Jews or other minority students. Thus Marshall H. Nye, principal of the Admiral Billard Academy, New London, Connecticut, recently wrote to a candidate:

We are returning your application for admission and check herein since we do not have any Jewish boys at Billard. The Academy itself is without prejudice in the matter of accepting students of any faith. However, our parental group has indicated a desire to have us restrict the enrollment. From a purely commercial point of view we are following the desires of our present clientele. Since about 75 per cent of our new enrollments come

through recommendations on the part of previous graduates and their parents, we find it sound business to follow their desires.

One of the most widely publicized apologies for racial discrimination was offered last year by former President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College. "I should not be willing to see the proportion of the Jews in the college so greatly increased", he wrote "as to arouse widespread resentment and develop widespread prejudice in our own family." To a reporter he elaborated: "Dartmouth is a Christian college founded for the Christianization of its students." Dr. Hopkins' memory evidently was blurred. The original charter of his college, he could readily have ascertained, does not exclude anyone on religious grounds. On the contrary, it undertakes not to bar students from

free and equal liberty and advantage of education or from any of the liberties and privileges or immunities of the said college on account of his or their speculative sentiments in religion, and his or their being of a religious profession different from the said trustees of the said Dartmouth College.

St. Anselm's College, New Hampshire, writes: "We have so few Jewish and practically no Negro applicants that the question of minorities has never been considered. I do not doubt personally that we would adopt a quota or equivalent should the number of minority applications become very large."

Knox College, Illinois, reports: "Although we have not found it necessary

to set quotas at Knox, we would view with alarm any attempt of a minority group to flock to the college, so that they upset the normal percentages in the population of our area."

Clark College, Worcester, Massachusetts, is no less candid: "I suppose it must be admitted that there is a Jewish problem. We do not have a quota but frankly we would not want a 50 per cent minority group. I suppose that we could be 50 to 75 per cent Jewish if we wished. Preventing such a percentage we do not consider having a quota."

Again this bypasses the reasons why minorities flock to some colleges. Surely it is not the world-famous reputation of Knox or Clark or Emerson that draws minority students in "alarming" numbers. They flock there for the same reason that hungry people flock to a breadline. Whatever the self-righteous explanations of educational leaders, the fact is that American boys and girls eager for higher education, well equipped for such education, often better qualified than most of those to whom colleges are wide open, are barred by reason of their race or religion.

III

The Committee on Unity, established by former Mayor La Guardia of New York in 1944, received a staff report concerning the deepening discrimination in higher education. The Committee did not make its report public. But the *New York Times* obtained a

copy and published some of the information.

"In the last decade preceding the war years," the report noted at one point, "the percentage of Jewish students of the total student body admitted to undergraduate college fell about 50 per cent."

While some of this decline might be credited to other causes, it is sufficiently clear that exclusion accounted for most of it. Translated

into human terms it means simply that thousands of Jewish boys were being forcibly kept from getting a college education. That's the reality under the surface arguments about the quota system. Figures for a typical prewar year, 1936, show how the system has operated to hold down Jewish enrollments. Here is a partial list of some American institutions and the number of Jewish students on their rolls that year:

<i>School</i>	<i>Total Students</i>	<i>Jews</i>	<i>Per Cent Jews</i>
Allegheny College	442	4	1
Amherst	770	45	6
Antioch	624	46	7
Bates	670	33	5
Bennington	224	9	4
Bowdoin	580	37	6
Bowling Green State	1,069	1	0
Bryn Mawr	486	30	6
Bucknell	1,231	34	3
Colby	600	50	8
Colgate	971	10	1
Dartmouth	2,422	140	5
De Paul University	5,925	212	4
De Pauw	1,275	10	1
Elmira	326	12	4
Emory and Henry	605	0	0
Grove City	720	0	0
Hamilton	483	7	2
Haverford	332	7	2
Hobart	293	4	2
Hood	443	4	1
Illinois College	428	1	.002
Kent State	1,539	16	1
Keuka	205	0	0
Kenyon	242	0	0
Knox College	543	5	1
Lehigh	1,541	85	5
MacMurray	317	0	0
Marietta	403	4	1
Mary Hardin-Baylor	1,237	1	0
Middlebury	649	4	.006
Midland	667	0	0
Mt. Holyoke	928	15	2

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<i>School</i>	<i>Total Students</i>	<i>Jews</i>	<i>Per Cent Jews</i>
Northwestern	6,300	652	10
Oberlin	1,696	50	3
Ohio Wesleyan	1,350	3	.002
Princeton	2,295	51	2
Purdue	4,534	88	2
Randolph-Macon	600	0	0
Randolph-Macon College for Women	650	5	.007
Rensselaer Polytechnic	1,216	66	5
Rockford	347	3	1
Rollins	500	10	2
Sarah Lawrence	271	27	10
Skidmore	635	42	6
Swarthmore	610	31	5
Syracuse	6,726	527	8
Vassar	1,216	66	5
Washington and Jefferson	622	15	3
Washington and Lee	874	47	5
Wells	260	7	3
Wheaton, Ill.	820	2	.002
Williams	792	35	5
Wilson	449	3	.007
College of Wooster	918	2	.002
Yale	5,362	525	9

By contrast, the large state universities and some private institutions have a commendable record. Below are typical better-known institutions and the number of Jewish students they enroll:

<i>School</i>	<i>Total Students</i>	<i>Jews</i>	<i>Per Cent Jews</i>
Boston University	10,031	1,258	12
Brooklyn College	9,162	6,856	75
Brown	2,016	286	14
University of Chicago	6,158	1,087	17
City College of New York	22,175	17,752	80
Cooper Union	1,417	534	37
Hunter	11,892	7,920	66
University of Illinois	10,523	1,325	12
University of Michigan	11,638	1,392	12
New York University	28,291	12,709	44
New School for Social Research	5,000	3,000	60
University of Pennsylvania	9,126	1,813	20
University of Pittsburgh	6,362	897	14
Rutgers	2,550	468	18
Smith	1,896	208	11
Temple	9,967	2,170	22
Tufts	2,043	402	20
Wellesley	1,541	197	12

There are not many colleges or universities, it will be noted, that admitted more than 10 per cent Jews in 1936. Those few are largely municipal- or state-supported institutions in urban centers with huge minority populations. Because Jewish boys and girls are not permitted to enter elsewhere, they necessarily crowd into New York University, City College of New York, Brooklyn College, Queens College and a few others. New York University with a 44 per cent Jewish enrollment is still perhaps the freest school among private colleges and universities.

Jewish, Negro, some Catholic and some Italian veterans, barred from a higher education despite the "GI Bill of Rights" solely because they are of the "wrong" race or religion, are bewildered. It would be a delusion, however, to assume that the problem is a temporary one caused by current overcrowded conditions. During the war years many of the top-notch colleges were badly hit by a decline in enrollments. It was freely predicted by experts in the American Council of Education and the Association of American Colleges that hundreds of liberal arts institutions would have to

shut down. Nevertheless, these stricken colleges continued to maintain their low quotas on minority groups.

By the spring of 1945, Hamilton was down to forty students; Colgate had ninety-five; Hobart College had twenty-three; Williams and Amherst fell below one hundred. The "name colleges" anxiously sought civilian students, but they did not relax their quota restrictions. Some colleges were ready to close shop rather than set embarrassing precedents for the future by dropping their quotas.

Obviously, therefore, the problem is not a reflex of the immediate shortage of space. It is a permanent challenge to our national sense of decency, a staggering indictment of our democratic pretensions. Special colleges for minorities represent no real cure, since they only harden the segregation. There is an element of truth in the complaint of college officials that they cannot solve the problem by opening their doors while all other doors remain barred. Not until all colleges admit all qualified students — not until scholarship rather than race, color or creed is made the basis of admission — will a solution worthy of American traditions be found.



*F*ALSEHOOD is fire in stubble; — it turns all the light stuff around it into its own substance for a moment, one crackling blazing moment, — and then dies; and all its converts are scattered in the wind, without place or evidence of their existence, as viewless as the wind which scatters them.

— COLERIDGE

HOW BAD ARE LAWYERS?

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

LAST November two high-priced Chicago lawyers made the front page by screaming at each other in a divorce case — “You’re a liar!” and “You’re another!” — until the judge adjourned court and fled from the bench. The resulting publicity was worth thousands of dollars to the lawyers.

A few weeks later a strapping big lawyer in Gary, Indiana, roared at a judge, “It’s no good to come into this court, ever! My clients never get justice!” The judge told him to pipe down, but counsel kept on howling until the judge fined him fifty dollars and costs and finally had him thrown into jail for failure to pay.

Did the lawyer mind? Not at all. He too made the front page, which was worth a lot more to him in publicity than fifty dollars and costs or a few hours in jail.

The majority of the bar would like to see lawyers like that kept in jail forever. Not so the public. The public dotes on lawyers like that. The popular idea of a good lawyer is a bad lawyer — one who puts jokers in contracts and bamboozles other lawyers, judges and juries. The public shares the atti-

tude of the farmer’s wife who dragged her seven-year-old son into Judge Hemanhaw’s office and asked him to make a lawyer out of the boy.

“He looks kind of young to make a lawyer out of,” said the judge. “Haven’t you any older boys?”

“Three of them, Judge, but they’re all going to be farmers. This one’s different. When he was three, he was as bold and sassy as a jay. At five he lied like all got out. And now it’s got so no matter how bad he is, he argues his Pa and me into thinking it’s our fault, not his. He ought to be a lawyer.”

That’s what they always say about an impudent, tricky, plausible youngster. “He ought to be a lawyer.” It’s the common notion of what lawyers are and should be like.

Consider the career of Moman Pruett who died last December in Oklahoma City at the age of seventy-three. He was by local acclaim “the greatest lawyer that ever banged a table.” As a boy he was smart, quick and agile-tongued. His mother kept telling him he ought to be a lawyer. At sixteen he was convicted of forgery, but his

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mother got him off after he had served six months in the penitentiary. A second conviction — for robbery — merely confirmed her faith in his future at the bar. It confirmed him too. He vowed he would become a lawyer and get even with society for sending him to jail twice for crimes he did not commit. "I'll empty your damned jails, an' I'll turn the murderers an' thieves a'loose in your midst. But I'll do it the legal way."

He made good his threat. When he was freed after serving two years, he got a judge to admit him to the bar. You didn't need much book learning to practice law in those days when the sooners and boomers were piling into "the Territory." Pruiett had picked up enough law hanging around the courts and lawyers' offices.

"You got to be an actor, an' you got to be a hypocrite, an' you got to be a faker, to be a good lawyer," he said after watching the local lawyers perform. He beat them all at it, according to his own account of his life, published in 1944. He defended one killer after another and got most of them off scot free. Out of 343 of his clients charged with murder, whom he defended in twenty-seven states, 303 were acquitted. Of the forty found guilty, only one was sentenced to death but Pruiett got his sentence commuted by President McKinley to life imprisonment. He used all the time-honored dodges: baiting judges, prosecuting prosecutors, smearing hostile witnesses, creating diversions and re-working the tried and true defenses

— alibi, mistaken identity, self-defense and insanity. In his autobiography he quotes with relish the remark of a fellow townsman: "An' then old bush-headed Moman comes in an' spits all over the courtroom, bellers till the jury thinks the roof is comin' down, an' they say, 'Not Guilty!' He's a dandy."

II

That was the frontier style. Pruiett was winning "not guilty" verdicts with it as late as 1933. Styles have changed, of course. But the same sort of shifty brashness that served Pruiett so well still wins fame and fortune at the criminal trial bar. It always has. Charlie Erbstein of Chicago climbed to the top in this line by creating the impression that he would always play the winning card even if he had to slip it out of his sleeve. In one case, however, the police were sure that they held the joker on Erbstein before the game began. It was his professional card which they found in the handbag of Nellie Higgs when they arrested her after she had shot and killed the man who had cast her off after breaking up her home.

Mrs. Higgs said she had got the card when she went to Erbstein's office that very morning before she shot her lover. It looked like a thoroughly premeditated murder, with the lawyer almost an accessory before the fact, and when Erbstein appeared as counsel for her at her trial for murder the city gasped at his cool effrontery.

But Erbstein's fans knew he would get Nellie off. Hadn't he cleared a score of ladies who shot their husbands or lovers? Only they didn't know *how* he was going to do it this time. Neither did he until the very end of the trial. He had just begun his final appeal to the jury, when a yellow canary began fluttering about the courtroom. Erbstein paused while tipstiffs cornered the frightened bird and threw its mangled body out the window. This was Erbstein's chance. He launched into the most eloquent plea of his dramatic career, comparing his harassed and tragic client to the poor canary beating with its wings for freedom. It worked. Nellie Higgs was acquitted.

Erbstein said afterward that it was merely a lucky break. He had found the bird half-frozen on the street on his way back to court during the noon recess and put it in his overcoat pocket, forgetting about the creature until it opportunely emerged. But his fans gave him credit for being smart enough to plan it that way.

In fact, during his stormy career he was credited with worse things than that. The successful criminal lawyer often thrives on a reputation he does not deserve. He may be merely adept at maneuvering clients between the barbed strands of the law, but it does him no harm to be suspected of cutting his way through with the shears of bribery and faked evidence.

The stock in trade of William J. Fallon, New York's notorious mouth-piece of the 1920's, was his reputation

for "hanging" juries. A hung jury is simply a jury that has to be discharged because it can't agree on a verdict. Time and again, when his client's conviction seemed certain, Fallon managed to get at least one juror to hold out for acquittal. The state was thus forced to try the case over again before a new jury or drop the charges. In Fallon's cases it was nearly always just *one* juror — as in the story of the jury in a Chicago murder case. The jurors had been locked up all night but couldn't agree. The next morning a deputy sheriff brought them before the judge and the assembled lawyers and after some questioning the judge growled, "The jury is discharged." At which the hold-out juror spoke up. "Judge, your Honor," he said, "*you* can't discharge me. I was hired by that lawyer over there!"

Fallon himself was eventually prosecuted for hiring jurors, but a jury of laymen acquitted him.

The courtroom success of Earl Rogers on the west coast was also won through a specialty — his "second gun" defense in murder cases. Rogers had a gift for "finding" a second gun near the scene of the crime. He would then claim that the deceased had threatened the defendant with this second gun and forced him to shoot in self-defense. Rogers' reputation was helped rather than hurt by the suspicion, which his admirers shared with the district attorney, that he was diabolically clever at planting the second gun. But nothing of the kind was ever proved against him.

III

Men like these — the Pruietts, Erbsteins, Fallons and Rogers — manage to fulfill the lay ideal of what a lawyer should be. But do they also represent the fine flowering of a professional ideal? Are they the embodiment of what the average lawyer would like to be if he were equally gifted and daring? Most laymen have never put such a question to themselves. They simply go about repeating all the old stereotypes about lawyers being a tricky, rapacious crew. But how much basis is there for this traditional view? How bad are lawyers really?

Some lawyers are certainly bad. There are lawyers who aid and abet criminals and share their profits, like Louis Piquett who arranged with a quack surgeon to disguise the killer Dillinger by making his face over. There are ambulance-chasers whose runners appear like buzzards at every accident, who split fees with the police, the coroners and the doctors who send them clients, and who frame evidence and hire or buy off witnesses just as some defense lawyers do in accident cases. There are divorce lawyers whose touts drum up business in dancehalls and cocktail lounges and who buy the eats and drinks for the newspaper boys in order to get their own names and their female clients' legs on the scandal page. There are lawyers who have helped clients accumulate a fortune by gypping investors and consumers. And there are miserable little shysters.

Yet the total number of such lawyers is quite small. The lawyers' code of conduct, called "Canons of Ethics," is very tough on shady practitioners. It says, in effect, that a lawyer owes his primary duty to the law, the courts, the public welfare and the honor of his profession. He must, of course, fight for his client but he must not forget that he is also an officer of the court. This difficult dual role is the key to the best — and worst — performances of the legal profession. It is one of the things about lawyers that laymen as a rule find it hardest to understand.

The lawyers appointed to defend General Yamashita at his trial before a military commission incurred a great deal of popular wrath for their zeal on his behalf. Yet they were merely performing a duty which our system requires of every conscientious advocate — that he shall do his utmost for the person he represents within the framework of established rules. Right there is the catch, of course. Diligence easily turns to excess. A lawyer is under great pressure to go all-out for his clients without being too finicky about the way he does it. This pressure extends to almost everything that lawyers do for clients — in their offices as well as in court. Lawyers who give most of their time to trial work constitute only a small part of the profession, and criminal trial lawyers constitute an even smaller part. But the pressure of advocacy is best illustrated by what happens in court — especially in criminal cases. In the

heat of trial they certainly cannot focus their minds on an abstract ideal of justice. Justice to the fighting advocate means victory for his client.

An advocate must not deceive the court by lies or by manufacturing or suppressing evidence. But he may use showmanship and clever tactics, as Lincoln did in his famous defense in the Armstrong murder case. The state's star witness had testified that he saw the defendant strike the deceased in the left eye with a sling-shot. On cross-examination Lincoln pinned him down to saying this happened at eleven o'clock at night and he was 150 feet away.

"How could you see?" Lincoln asked.

"By moonlight. The moon was as full and high as the sun would be at ten in the morning."

Lincoln then produced an almanac for that year, turned to the date of the alleged crime and made the witness impeach himself by reading that the moon had just passed its first quarter and had almost set at eleven that night.

Contrast Lincoln's quite proper use of an old device with its misuse in a similar situation, attributed by his enemies to the barrister Curran. He was defending a client charged with robbery. The prosecuting witness said he had been held up at eleven at night and he could see the defendant's face clearly in the bright moonlight. Curran, however, produced several almanacs which all showed there had been no moon that night. After his acquit-

tal, the defendant reproached Curran with over-charging him for such an easy case. "Why, you poor fool," said Curran. "You gave me £20. I cleared only £2 out of that. It cost me £18 to get those almanacs printed."

A lawyer is sometimes tempted to stake his whole career — even his life — on a courtroom demonstration. The classic instance, of course, is the arsenic murder defense — credited to several notorious advocates during the last one hundred years. Counsel for the defense fixes himself a tasty little snack of the same poison alleged to have killed the murder victim and eats it before the jury. Nothing happens. He thus proves that the "fatal" dose is not fatal. Either the lawyer has built up a tolerance for arsenic by taking it daily in gradually increasing amounts for some time before the trial, or he manages to adjourn to the lavatory soon enough to use an emetic before the poison takes effect.

Tricks like that, when discovered, should bring disbarment. But bona fide demonstrations may come within the rules. David Stansbury of Chicago was cross-examining a defendant who had refused to pay for certain appliances, containing oil, because he said they would explode if handled roughly.

"Is this one of the appliances you received?" asked Stansbury, picking up one of the exhibits.

"Yes," said the witness.

"Are you sure it will explode if struck or jolted?"

"Absolutely."

At which Stansbury threw the ex-

hibit on the floor with all his force. But there was no explosion.

Perhaps the judge would not have permitted such a demonstration if he had been asked, but it was conclusive and could hardly be criticized considering the outcome. The propriety of unorthodox stunts seems to depend on whether they work substantial justice. While lawyers should not fool the court, they may lay traps for witnesses. No worse moment can arrive for a witness than when he is asked to identify someone: "Is John Doe in the courtroom? Point him out, please." Counsel may have seen to it that there are several men in the courtroom who look something like Doe. Doe may be one of them or he may not be there at all. In a larceny case Earl Rogers got the jury and witnesses used to seeing his client, the defendant, in blue jeans, holding a green hat, which he kept twirling nervously, much to Rogers' apparent annoyance. On cross-examining a state's witness, Rogers asked him "to put the finger on" the defendant. The witness pointed out the only man in court who wore blue jeans and twirled a green hat, but it turned out to be one of Rogers' assistants who had dressed up for the part and took the place of the defendant during a recess. The state's case was hooted out of court.

A different sort of masquerade was used by Rufus Choate in his early days when he defended a very young man charged with seducing a somewhat shop-worn damsel. He had his client appear in court dressed in long

stockings, short trousers and an Eton collar — the very picture of innocence. When the prosecution had closed its case, Choate called his client to the stand and said, "I open with an exhibit of the gay Lothario." The guffaws of the jurors foretold the final acquittal. Choate wasn't censured, though no doubt he should have been.

IV

Criminal trial lawyers are under constant temptation to create diversions when a case gets too hot for them. Tyros do it with crude and frivolous objections. But the old war-horses develop their own special techniques. The British barrister, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, used to bring an atomizer to court with him and entertained the jury with an elaborate spraying of his nose and throat at dangerous moments in a trial. Charlie Erbsstein, when going to court, would sometimes fortify himself with a bag of peanuts. At a climax in his opponent's evidence or argument he would reach into his pocket and begin shelling and eating peanuts. If counsel protested, his stock retort was, "I always eat peanuts at a circus." Earl Rogers fascinated the jury with his elaborate use of a lorgnette. But the most effective diversionary tactic ever seen in court was used by a tobacco-chewing lawyer of the Ozarks. He was the champion long-distance spitter of his district. Whenever an opponent waxed too eloquent, he would slouch in his chair and draw off the attention of the jury

with his nonchalant shots at the cuspidor half-way across the courtroom.

Judges, of course, are supposed to keep counsel in line and they usually try to prevent misconduct in court and censure it when it occurs. But they know the pressure upon lawyers to win at all costs and they don't want to seem unfair. So they are inclined to permit lawyers lots of leeway. The Supreme Court of Tennessee has even upheld the right of a lawyer to shed tears before a jury. "Indeed," said the court, "if counsel has tears at his command, it may be seriously questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises."

A dictum like that irks the dignified majority of the bar. But scarcely a client ever lived who wouldn't choose the tear-shedding, tear-jerking barrister to represent him in a jury case in preference to his more scrupulous brother. He picks a lawyer who will get results (he hopes) even if it requires a trick or two. Sometimes, however, the tricks are played on him

— or he thinks they are — and he calls down the wrath of God on the law, the courts and the bar. And even if he has had no unhappy experience with the law, he acquires a strangely twisted notion about lawyers from newspapers, movies, radio and reformers who find the bar a convenient whipping-boy for all the ills of society.

The postwar upsurge of murder, kidnaping, rape, robbery, arson, labor violence and divorce will soon revive the age-old cry that the law is breaking down and the lawyers are somehow to blame: why doesn't the bar clean house?

The truth is that the bar in its unspectacular way is cleaning house all the time. The machinery for breaking law-breaking lawyers grinds on with fair results year after year. The results would be even better with more understanding and help from laymen — not only in the prosecution of lawyers who have misbehaved, but in fostering higher standards of conduct among laymen themselves in their dealings with the law and the courts.



Contemporary Critics Judge the Authors —

ANATOLE FRANCE *on* ÉMILE ZOLA:

His work is evil, and he is one of those unhappy beings of whom one can say that it would be better had he never been born.

SAMUEL PEPYS *on* SHAKESPEARE:

To the King's theater, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

GANDHI

BY ANUP SINGH

AT SEVENTY-SIX, Gandhi's hold upon the uncounded millions of India has not weakened. His strength has been tested time and again. Sir Richard Casey, the Australian Governor General of Bengal, has told this story to American journalists in explanation of his own respect for the power of the frail little man in the loincloth:

A band of terrorists were operating in Bengal. British authorities could not suppress the trouble, nor even catch any of the members of the rebel band. Casey called in the man who is Gandhi's doctor, and asked him to transmit a report of this growing violence, pointing out that only harm could come to the cause of Indian freedom from such methods. The message was transmitted. A few days later, with full realization that a noose or a firing squad probably awaited them, the twelve leaders surrendered, and all violence ceased. Gandhi had ordered them to surrender.

With Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, non-violence is a religious creed. He will sacrifice everything for

India, but not non-violence. Son of a Prime Minister of a native state, educated at Oxford, once a successful lawyer, he was a loyal British subject during the First World War, but he has been a consistent rebel since.

During this war he was accused of pro-Axis sympathies simply because he would not advise his people to take up arms. How could he? He, the incorrigible pacifist? What could there be in common between Hitler and Gandhi, except their vegetarianism? But Hitler, unlike Gandhi, was politically carnivorous. Gandhi advised his people to lay down their lives non-violently rather than submit to the Japanese.

He is the uncompromising foe of British domination of India, but entertains no malice towards the British people. "I love the English as I love my own people," he has declared more than once. And Gandhi means what he says.

His utter sincerity and simplicity disarm even his bitterest political foes. It is said that a retiring Viceroy advised his successor, "Whatever you

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do, don't meet Gandhi personally. If you do, you're lost." Once a group of Indian Communists threatened to take his life. Gandhi, refusing protection, invited them to his tent whence a little later they emerged, sobbing like little children. In London, he was advised not to visit Lancashire where it was feared that textile workers, out of jobs due to Gandhi's boycott of British cloth, might attack him. All the more reason to go, insisted Gandhi. Without police protection he visited the district, and faced an indignant crowd. But after he had spoken for a few moments, telling of his genuine sympathy for their distress, the English workers acclaimed him as one of their own with shouts of "Jolly old Gandhi!"

He caused a diplomatic storm in London by refusing to change his habitual costume to meet King George V. "His Majesty must receive me the way I am," said Gandhi. "To me, my dress, or rather the lack of it, symbolizes the poverty of India's naked millions." And His Majesty did receive Gandhi as he was.

To waiting reporters, Gandhi revealed a sense of humor seldom associated with the frail little man: "There is really very little difference between your clothes and mine, except that the British wear plus-fours, and mine are minus. You asked me if His Majesty has given me any hope. Only God can give hope; I had a delightful chat with your King."

He is full of fun and humor and life, and is happiest playing with children,

who invariably love him. Two stories further reveal his wit:

In London a reporter looking for scoops started following Gandhi at four A.M. during his early morning walks. Gandhi changed his schedule to three A.M. So did the persistent reporter. He greeted Gandhi with the question: "Mr. Gandhi, do you believe in the hereafter? Being a saint, of course you must be destined for Heaven." "Young man," said Gandhi, "I do not know whether I am destined for Heaven or a less comfortable place; but of one thing I am certain: I shall be met by a press man at the door."

In India a reporter asked Gandhi how he arrived at momentous decisions. "I suspend my own judgment and listen to the inner voice — the voice of God," said Gandhi. "Isn't it strange," said the reporter, "Lord Irvin, the Viceroy, told me he does precisely the same thing." "What a pity," replied Gandhi, "His Excellency should always receive the wrong message!"

HE calls the Untouchables *Harijans* (Children of God), and has adopted the daughter of an Untouchable to identify himself with the lowliest of India. He refuses to attend a wedding now unless either bride or groom is an Untouchable. And he lives in the Untouchable quarters. Brahmins, Viceroys and Rajahs must seek him there. To many, the chief disadvantage of this residence is its inaccessibility. The present writer once arose at two A.M. and rode many

dusty miles in a *tonga* to keep a four A.M. appointment with Gandhi, arriving about five minutes late. Gandhi pulled out an Ingersoll dollar watch and remarked, "Of course in America people don't get up so early."

He is deliberately and consciously meek, but full of authority and power, demanding and receiving obedience to his imperious commands. Gently, but firmly, he informs his colleagues that when they ask him to lead, they must follow — or find someone else. They know, and he knows, there is no one else.

In a limited sense, Gandhi could be termed a failure. He set out twenty-five years ago to liberate his people. They are still not free. He set out to prove the efficacy of non-violence. And many of his followers have lost their earlier faith in non-violence. The India of Gandhi's dreams was to be a simple village India of cottage industries and spinning wheels. But restless India is fast becoming industrialized. Gandhi sought to weld Hindus and Moslems into one harmonious nation. And today their feud

is at its height. Finally, Gandhi sought to save his people from bitterness against the British. Yet powerful anti-British feelings still grip India's restless millions.

In a larger sense Gandhi is no failure, but emerges as the pre-eminent leader of India. He has given the people new pride and hope. Without bloodshed, he has brought them to the very threshold of freedom. If the doors do not soon open, they themselves will open them. He has released the bonds that imprisoned their minds. They can face their future with courage, for Gandhi has imparted his courage to them. He has made India his eternal debtor.

As for the world at large, it is refreshing to realize that in this dismal age of hate and violence and greed, there is among us one man who clings to non-violence, love and simplicity.

This was Albert Einstein's tribute to Gandhi on his seventy-fifth birthday: "Generations to come, it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."



Phrase Origins — 4

WHITE ELEPHANT: In Siam, the white elephant is a beast held in great respect. When a courtier or minister displeased the ruler and the king wanted to ruin him gradually, he made him a present of a white elephant. The recipient could neither sell the beast nor dispose of it. The term thereby acquired the significance of something which is valuable but cannot easily be disposed of to avoid the expense of keeping it.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

ROOTS OF INDIA'S TROUBLES

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

QUIETLY, in the English manner, with no instinct for drama, the British Labor government has performed one of the biggest acts in the history of our generation. It has offered India independence. In New Delhi, its Cabinet Mission, immersed though it may have been in detail, has in fact been acting as midwife to an infant great power. Such will indeed be India's status in the new Asia of the future, despite her backward, impoverished and divided condition today.

No unprejudiced observer doubts that the British promise is sincere. "This time," as Mr. Gandhi said to me after Premier Attlee's speech on March 15, "the British mean business." The majority of Englishmen would doubtless prefer that India should accept her independence as a dominion within the British Commonwealth. But the promise was made, with the certain knowledge that this will not be India's choice. The Congress Party is bent on quitting the British Empire, and it controls eight of India's eleven provinces.

The decisive passages in Mr. Attlee's speech were those which declared that Britain will no longer trade on the dissensions among Indian parties as an excuse for postponing a settlement: a minority will not be allowed to hold up the march of the majority toward freedom. The insistence of the Cabinet Mission in sticking to its proposals confirms the determination of the British to give away their largest imperial holding.

Put in concrete terms, the offer to hand over power to Indians means that after a brief interim period, the British Army will be withdrawn, by an agreed date, from India's soil. The coercive relationship that began on the battlefield of Plassey is ended by this decision. To this new fact, every group of Indians is now adjusting itself, including the autocratic princes who have hitherto depended on the military protection of the paramount power. So much is settled, but all the rest is in suspense. Despite the Cabinet Mission's recommendations, no final solution is yet in sight. Even if a

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constituent assembly convenes and succeeds in establishing an Indian Union such as the Mission has proposed, the explicit prerogative of the provinces to form semi-autonomous communal groups provides a considerable lever for disunity. The Moslem dream of Pakistan has met a strong rebuff, but in modified form it will surely survive to plague the hopes of real unity in India.

It is the Hindu-Moslem feud that chiefly concerns us when we try to forecast the political future of the Indian peninsula. It has its deep roots in the Middle Ages, for neither side can forget traditions of conquest and subjection that date from the Mogul Empire. Hindus and Moslems have always had their rivalries and suspicions, which took the form from time to time of angry communal riots. But on the whole, up to the early twenties of this century, they worked together for the nationalist cause. No sharp dividing lines of race or language separate them: the immense mass of the Moslems are the descendants of Hindus converted to Islam. The doctrine which Mr. Jinnah, the formidable leader of the Moslem League, now proclaims, that these peoples constitute two distinct nations, is as novel as it is unscientific. Before the war no one had heard of this theory, and in his middle years Mr. Jinnah was himself an Indian nationalist and a leading member of Congress.

When the British found themselves, as a handful of white men, engaged

in the gradual subjugation of India's many states and peoples, it was inevitable that they should act on the principle: divide and rule. But the political system that finally separated the two creeds dates only from the reforms of forty years ago for which Lords Morley and Minto were responsible. The fatal decision was then taken to divide the Indian electorate into distinct communal constituencies which vote apart. Moslems and Hindus are enrolled in separate registers, so that each community must elect a man of its own creed. By keeping them apart in this way, communal thinking was fostered. Every Moslem candidate had to prove first of all that he was a sound Moslem, and Hindus were exposed to the same temptation. Had they voted together, candidates would have stressed, rather, the interests that unite than the sentiments that divide the two creeds.

The result of this decision to classify Indians for political purposes by religion was that the natural lines of demarcation were obscured. In India, as elsewhere, men are peasants and industrial workers, land owners and capitalists, liberals, conservatives and socialists. What the peasant asks from the government is a better system of land tenure, water for irrigation, schools and a hospital for his impoverished village. Whether he be a Hindu or a Moslem is in all these vital matters of daily life completely irrelevant. Congress, to be sure, which always had and still has its adherents among the Moslems, struggled hard

to maintain its original stand as a nationalist party, embracing Indians of all creeds. But the effect of the separate electorates was that the Moslem League gradually drew into its own ranks the great mass of the Mohammedan population, while Congress became, what it is not in principle, predominantly a Hindu organization.

It was the war that brought this trend in Indian politics to a climax. Congress, after its failure to secure any acceptable definition of its war aims from the British government, went into opposition and induced its ministries in the provinces to resign. In 1942, after its rejection of the Cripps offer, it turned to open revolt. The inevitable result was that the whole weight of official patronage and favor fell on the Moslem League, which under Mr. Jinnah's leadership now became the only Moslem organization capable of rallying, not merely the upper and middle classes to its banner, but the peasant masses as well. The result of the recent elections was to show India divided irrevocably into two camps. The minor parties and the finer shades of opinion were blotted out. Congress swept the predominantly Hindu provinces, and retained here and there, notably in the frontier provinces, the support of a remnant of nationalist Moslems. But over the peninsula as a whole, the Moslem League, with its doctrine of two nations and its program of Pakistan, won the immense majority of Moslem seats. The elections

were not an edifying spectacle: there was intimidation and corruption, while the League relied chiefly on its fanatical slogan, "Islam in Danger." But no one doubts that the results furnish a rough measure of the forces in the field. The mass of Moslems are for separation.

II

How are we to explain this state of mind? In its public speeches the Moslem League is truculent and defiant. In private conversation it is easy to detect the sense of inferiority that has now mastered it. Individually, the Moslem lacks neither courage nor poise. But he faces, first of all, the overwhelming numbers of the Hindu population. If it comes to counting heads, he is outnumbered by three to one. But on no concrete issue of daily life — on irrigation, for instance, or a campaign against malaria — are Hindus and Moslems ever divided into two solid camps. When independence is won, Congress will certainly break up along class lines, and combinations will be formed that take no account of creed. But the habit of thinking in communal units is now so fixed that it seems hopeless to try to lay this specter of the Hindu majority.

In two ways, Congress has tried to banish it. Firstly, it proposes that the provinces shall enjoy the widest autonomy, and that the federal center shall deal only with a minimum of subjects. This means that in the provinces where the Moslems form a ma-

jority, they can follow their own way of life without interference. Secondly, as it made clear at the Simla Conference, it is prepared, in forming the central, all-India government, to concede a parity in seats to the Moslems. In plain words, it will forego at the center the advantage its numbers give it. Yet Moslem fears have not been allayed.

There is, however, another source of this Moslem consciousness of inferiority. The Hindu community is, of the two, much the more adaptable and advanced. It was the first to welcome western education, and in open competitive examinations for official posts its young men still do better than the Moslems. In finance and big business, the supremacy of the Hindus amounts, if one includes the Parsis and the Christians with them, almost to a monopoly. With few exceptions, the Indian banks and insurance corporations are in their hands, and so are the chief pioneering industries. This is true not merely of the executive heads; it applies in great part to the technicians also and even to the clerical staffs. Economic power, in short, lies overwhelmingly with the Hindus.

Moslems assume that there is a Hindu conspiracy to oppress them. The fact is, rather, that well-to-do Moslems retain the habits of thought of an old-world, feudal aristocracy. For long they obeyed the Islamic prohibition of interest. When they do invest, it is in land and not in industry. Commerce does not attract them,

and they are apt to think it beneath them. The result is that, though there are many wealthy land-owning families among the Moslems, their community is relatively much the poorer of the two.

The movement for separation is, therefore, a struggle for economic emancipation. In Pakistan the Moslems mean to throw off the yoke of the Hindu financier and industrialist. They talk of socializing his banks and his mills. This does not mean that they have adopted socialism: they will be slow to throw their own feudal estates into the common pool. The offense of these bankers and mill-owners is not that they are capitalists, but rather that they are Hindus. They are for the Moslems what the Jews were for the Nazis. This is the most explosive aspect of the communal problem. The poverty of this backward community calls for a creative handling that lies as yet beyond the horizon of the Moslem League.

Finally, there is yet another explanation of the feud. Moslems in all their public statements stress exclusively the deeper differences that divide them in religious belief and in social structure from the Hindus. They say truly that Islam preaches the equality of all believers. They point to the Hindu institution of caste and the ugly fact of untouchability.

This is, I believe, rather an afterthought than a true explanation of the cleavage between the two creeds. Assuredly in the past the exclusiveness

of the caste system did keep the two peoples apart. But caste today is in rapid process of decay. With Gandhi at their head, progressive Hindus are struggling hard to end the hideous institution of untouchability. Insofar as the law can do it, Hindus are agreed that all discrimination based on caste must be abolished. These ideological differences, painful and genuine as they are, could not have availed to break India into two today, were it not for the alarmed sense of inferiority that overtook the Moslems when they realized that British rule is nearing its end.

III

From these tangled roots sprang the solution to which the great mass of Indian Moslems became committed. By Pakistan they mean the creation in the Northwest and the Northeast of a sovereign and independent state, Moslem in its composition and culture. Its population might number some seventy or eighty millions. It would face Hindustan as an entirely alien unit, and it might link itself in its external policy with the other Moslem states of the Middle East. It is easy to understand the appeal of such an ideal to an electorate inflamed by fanatical propaganda.

Although, at this writing, it seems likely that Mr. Jinnah will be forced to content himself with much more modest arrangements in the immediate future, by no means has he renounced his original scheme. It still

remains the ultimate aim of the Moslem community and, as such, deserves careful appraisal.

The first criticism to which this scheme is open is that it offers no security to the only part of the Moslem population which could be exposed to Hindu oppression. The Moslems of the North are in a majority and have nothing to fear. But outside Pakistan, in the Ganges Valley, in central India, Bombay and Madras there is a scattered Moslem minority of nearly thirty millions which would have to depend on the good will of the Hindu majority. Should it suffer from any species of inequality, the Hindu minority in Pakistan would serve as hostages on whom the Moslems could retaliate. That is not a reassuring prospect, and for my part, I like the suggestion of mass emigration no better.

Grave difficulties would also arise in defining the territorial extent of Pakistan. There are two solidly Moslem areas in India, the Northwest and the extreme Northeast, but between them lies an immense stretch of Hindu country. Should these form two states or only one, and must we seriously consider the fantastic suggestion of a corridor which Mr. Jinnah occasionally favors? How, for purposes of defense and trade, these two separated regions are to form a single, integrated unit is a puzzle which no one has yet solved.

The greater difficulty lies in the Northeast. The big province of Bengal, with a population of over sixty

millions, has a Moslem majority of 57 per cent. But it is split into two nearly equal regions. The East is a poor agricultural area, and here the mass of the Moslem population is concentrated. The West is predominantly Hindu, and it includes the coalfield, the chief industries and the wealthy port of Calcutta. No body of arbitrators or constitution-makers could conceivably hand over this Hindu half of Bengal to Pakistan. But Mr. Jinnah argues, with some reason, that without Calcutta, Pakistan could not live. Assuredly eastern Bengal would face a forbidding future without its possession, even if it were converted into a free port.

The problem of the Moslem Northwest looks simpler, but here too there are complications. The frontier province has returned a Congress government by a comfortable majority. Whether the state of Kashmir would wish to join Pakistan is doubtful. The core of this region is the Punjab, but nearly half its population consists of Hindus and Sikhs. Before it could be included in Pakistan its frontiers must be drastically redrawn, and to do this in a way that satisfies the Sikhs would be a nearly impossible feat.

Any Pakistan that might emerge from an impartial review of its frontiers would be a less imposing structure than Mr. Jinnah has imagined. It would possess, nonetheless, some great assets. Bengal has a world monopoly of jute. Thanks to their rivers and systems of irrigation, the northwest-

ern provinces are the richest agricultural regions of India and produce a big surplus of wheat. They could develop some light industries. But heavy industries they have none, nor coal nor iron of good quality. From the standpoint of defense, their manpower is superb, but they lack the industrial resources which modern warfare demands.

Today all of India forms a vast area of internal free trade. If a customs union survives the British withdrawal, an autonomous group of Moslem provinces may still look forward to a relatively prosperous future. But if it sets out to hamper Hindu enterprise and resorts to high tariffs, it is not likely to survive. If it insists on creating its own separate army, if it engages in an armaments race with Hindustan — it will lay on its own shoulders a burden too heavy for its limited resources.

From the wider standpoint of India's safety and welfare, Pakistan has nothing to commend it. It is a step backward toward Balkanization. To cut this peninsula into three isolated zones makes nonsense as a strategic proposition. No responsible soldier would undertake the defense of India with any assurance, unless he could rely on a united army under a single command.

But there are more fundamental reasons than these for disliking the idea embodied in Pakistan. To build a political structure on religious differences is a wrong and reactionary policy, unworthy of our age.

IV

Whatever the eventuality, regardless of how much of the Pakistan idea survives as reality and how much must yet remain a dream, one solution we must dismiss from our minds. The whole of India cannot be united in a genuine federation.

Even if the British Mission's proposals materialize, such a federation would still remain a distant hope. The Indian Union which those proposals envisage would have jurisdiction over three subjects only — foreign affairs, defense and communications — plus taxing powers sufficient to implement them. Control over everything else would be vested in the provinces, which would also be free to join in regional groupings. Such groups of provinces could establish executives and legislatures and determine the provincial measures to be taken in common. This arrangement — the best which seems possible at the moment — would drastically reduce the powers of the center. It would also incorporate such anti-democratic devices as Hindu-Moslem parity and separate electorates, for even the central legislature is prohibited from acting on any "major communal issue" without the consent of a majority of both Hindu and Moslem delegates, as well as an over-all majority.

Such a solution has at least this merit, that it would preserve the unity of the peninsula, the chief gift of Brit-

ish rule, for the purposes of commerce and defense. It ought to mean a customs union and a single army: at the least, it would banish the danger of divergent foreign policies, tariff wars and competitive armaments.

On the other hand, the Indian Union would be exposed to the dangers that beset all confederacies. The loyalty of its citizens would be dissipated between three focal centers, and it might prove to be a weak and unstable structure. Its chances, however, to my thinking, would be brighter if Ceylon, Burma and perhaps Malaya could eventually be brought within the Indian Union. The peninsula is not a self-contained strategical unit. Two of these three states are Buddhist, and their presence might soften the acute tension between Moslems and Hindus.

These pages have dwelt on the difficulties and warned the reader that at the best he must not expect an ideal solution. History has imposed on this generation the legacy of this communal feud. The rest of the prospect before us is happy. An empire has freely surrendered what an earlier century won by the sword. The gain to India's self-respect will be immeasurable and the stimulus to her creative energies immense. Whether India emerges as one independent state or two, she can go forward to solve unhampered her own problems of ignorance and poverty.



CAN COURTS RULE LABOR?

BY LOUIS WALDMAN

In the June issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY Judge John C. Knox, in his article, "Labor and the Law," proposed that "disputes between labor and management, and even between labor groups themselves, be settled peaceably in courts of law, rather than by battle." Here a distinguished labor lawyer analyzes this proposal critically. — THE EDITORS

JUDGE John C. Knox's suggestion that all quarrels between capital and labor, and even among labor groups themselves, be decided by the courts boils down to compulsory arbitration. Other plans under discussion in Congress envisage the same practice — or what amounts to it — by special government-appointed boards. Both sets of proposals would mean labor relations by judicial decree or by a board's fiat. Would this be wise?

President Truman, in his dramatic appearance before Congress on May 25, went even further. He asked for emergency legislation which would virtually force workers to stay on their jobs at the point of a bayonet. For himself he asked far greater powers than were ever granted to any President in times of war or peace.

Under these powers, whenever a strike occurred, he could, at his uncontrolled discretion, seize an industry and proclaim an emergency. He could then confiscate the profits, jail the labor leaders for disobedience, cancel the workers' seniority and other rights and order them back to work at pay and working conditions fixed by him. If the workers refused, he could conscript them all into the Army, and as soldiers, subject them to military law and make them work at privates' pay. If they still refused, they would presumably be court-martialed and, I assume, would either be shot or put in concentration camps.

Apart from constitutional considerations, are these proposals wise or sound? Would they minimize strikes or would they, like the Smith-Con-

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nally Act, increase rather than decrease strikes? Would they not create more problems than they would solve?

In modern society not all the disputes that arise can or should be settled by the courts or any other governmental agency armed with coercive powers. Consider the following case. John Nolan is in love with Jane Smith. She is disposed to accept his proposal of marriage, but difficulties have arisen. He has two grown children by a previous marriage; she has an invalid mother to whom she is deeply devoted. John wants the children to continue living at his home, to which Jane objects, as he objects to her mother living with them. John and Jane can reach no settlement of this dispute.

Would anyone suggest that John should be given the right to take his dispute with Jane into court on the ground that since the state needs citizens and soldiers, therefore, in the public interest, a judge should be empowered to decide whether or not Jane should marry John and to prescribe the terms of the marriage contract? Should such a dispute be referred to compulsory arbitration? The marriage contract is regarded today in civilized society as one that must never be subject to compulsion, even by parents. Yet in times past it has been, and in Nazi Germany women were forced to bear children "in the interest of the state." We believe John and Jane must be free to settle this dispute themselves.

To consider another case: James

Brown owns a thousand fertile acres. He is a business man, a bachelor who maintains his country estate merely for pleasure. William Jones is a competent farmer who covets his neighbor's acres; his rented farm is not large enough to support his growing family. He makes an offer to buy Brown's farm. Brown answers that his place is worth double what Jones offers, and besides he doesn't want to sell.

Should Jones have the right to bring this dispute with Brown into court on the ground that he needs the farm while Brown does not, that the nation needs to increase the production of food, and that millions are starving in Europe while here are a thousand acres going to waste? Though it is in the public interest that those acres be planted, this, most people would agree, is another of the numerous categories of disputes which should not be adjudicated by the courts. Jones and Brown must be free to make or not to make their contract.

If William Foley were hired, as an individual, by General Motors and after a few years he asked — again as an individual — for an increase in pay, for shorter hours and other terms which the corporation refused to grant, few would grant him the right to take his dispute with General Motors to court and let a judge decide the amount of his wages, the length of his hours, etc. Employer-employé relations, we know, are a matter of contract.

There are many more kinds of disputes in which the courts should not

intervene, even though they involve the public welfare. I cite these three extreme examples to reduce to absurdity the proposition that all disputes which involve the making of a contract should be subject to compulsory arbitration, or judicial decision. It is obvious that state intervention in all conflicts, including those which can only be resolved by the free will of people to agree or not to agree, would lead toward totalitarianism — the police state.

The above illustrations concern the freedom of contract for such individuals as John Nolan, Jane Smith, James Brown, William Jones — and William Foley and his employer, General Motors. It is universally accepted that a dispute between such *individuals*, as to the marriage contract, the business contract, or the labor contract, should not be subject to compulsory arbitration or judicial decision. It is argued, however, that if Foley joins with many other individuals in an association to deal with General Motors, a different situation presents itself. But that is not so. The collective, like the individual bargain, is based on contract.

One of the basic freedoms is the freedom of contract. Of course, it is not absolute freedom — but we should never allow limitations to destroy the basic right. Freedom of contract is worth more to society than it costs.

When Foley was not a member of a union, he could only bargain individually, which meant that he would have to take the job on the terms

offered by General Motors, or quit. The company could not compel him to work. No one would maintain that General Motors or the courts should have that power. Yet what one has a right to do alone he has the right to do in free association with others. If General Motors and Foley's union can't agree, the workers have a right to quit, to strike.

In my view, when the state intervenes in disputes between capital and labor to impose compulsory arbitration or judicially made contracts upon both parties, there arise the dangers of involuntary servitude, government by decree and total regulation of *all* personal and social and industrial relationships and controversies. Under any form, compulsory arbitration is a threat to the free democratic system which we cherish.

The New York Court of Appeals, in the case of the National Protective Association vs. Cumming, decided forty-four years ago, said:

It is not the duty of one man to work for another unless he has agreed to, and if he has so agreed but for no fixed period, either may end the contract whenever he chooses. The one may work, or refuse to work, at will, and the other may hire or discharge at will. The terms of employment are subject to mutual agreement, without let or hindrance from any one. If the terms do not suit, or the employer does not please, the right to quit is absolute, and no one may demand a reason therefor. Whatever one man may do alone, he may do in combination with others, provided they have no unlawful object in view. Mere numbers do not ordinarily affect the quality of the act. Workmen have the right to organize

for the purpose of securing higher wages, shorter hours of labor or improving their relations with their employers. They have the right to strike; that is, to cease working in a body by pre-arrangement until a grievance is redressed, provided the object is not to gratify malice or inflict injury upon others, but to secure better terms of employment for themselves. A peaceable and orderly strike, not to harm others, but to improve their own condition, is not in violation of law.

The highest court in New York laid down in those words the basic principles of labor relations which in subsequent years have been generally accepted throughout the nation.

These principles should be read and re-read by judges, congressmen, senators, editors and others, even those who call themselves liberal. These principles were sound yesterday, and they are sound today.

II

So far no employer, no labor leader, no congressman, Republican or Democrat, no judge, and no President, has offered any final solution of the problems arising from industrial disputes — and for a very good reason: there is no panacea. There is no easy formula that can be advanced, for the problem is as complex as life itself.

Management hardly less than labor has traditionally opposed state intervention into business, including labor relations. Admitting that as business grows bigger and labor stronger, the public must be protected against abuses of power by either, the need for *some kind* of governmental action

also grows. But *how* should the federal government intervene, and *for what purposes*? And is not education even more important just now than government action?

First we must take a long look at the varying nature of the labor dispute. The advocates of compulsory arbitration or of the judicial labor decree lump all labor disputes together, as though they were all susceptible to identical treatment. Actually many of the disputes concern the making of contracts, while others have to do with the interpretation and application of existing agreements. There are three main categories of disputes between labor and management:

1. The first category of labor disputes concerns the day-to-day interpretations and application of the numerous classes of labor contracts. There are some 50,000 contracts governing labor relations, the lives of which run from one to five years; the average is two years. Comparatively few of them were arrived at as a result of strikes. Over 15,000,000 workers are directly affected, and with their families the total reaches about 40,000,000. Millions more are affected indirectly, for every time a union contract is signed it influences the wages and hours of unorganized workers.

These 50,000 contracts have been made between well-established unions and newer unions and employers. Some have a long history of collective bargaining, others have not. Both sides in most of these agreements have

accepted the idea of collaboration. They believe in cooperation, in peaceful adjustment of differences, in the stability and advancement of the industry. They have bargained as equals and have taken the public welfare into consideration as well as their own best interests. The contract is the law of the industry, defining the rights, duties, and responsibilities of both workers and employers and limiting the power of each. Lockouts, strikes and stoppages over the interpretation and application of this law are inexcusable and an unnecessary social waste.

That is not to say that honest differences of opinion would not inevitably develop over the meaning of the provisions of these 50,000 contracts. In some industries, those with a backlog of mature experience in labor relations, schemes for settling all disputes arising from the interpretation and application of the agreement have been set up. They have industrial courts — judicial tribunals that are sometimes permanent, sometimes temporary. The decision of these tribunals is final and binding on all parties.

It is seldom that the decisions of these voluntary industrial courts are not accepted by both sides. In the rare instances when a decision is rejected, either party to the contract can take the decision into the regular courts of law and make the award effective.

In addition, either employer or union can get an injunction, under existing laws, to restrain the other

party from violating a validly subsisting agreement. Legal action may also be brought by either party for damages if the other has breached the contract, and damages are ascertainable. In disputes of this sort the judge is dealing with matters that are legitimately judicial. But such controversies are very different from those that have to do with the making of contracts.

The type of government action that can be supported by those who seek sincerely for industrial peace is not anti-labor legislation (which compulsory arbitration measures always are), but laws and policies which will encourage, strengthen and extend to all industries such voluntary machinery of arbitration on adjudication of controversies. We need such a nation-wide system of industrial courts in which labor and management appear as equals, and in which the interpretation and enforcement of contracts can be secured in orderly fashion. But such courts, and industrial peace and cooperation, are possible only if industrialists generally will accept the principle of collective bargaining, and if labor is equally willing to recognize the rights of management.

There is no easy short-cut to decent, civilized industrial relations; like every other value in democratic society, it can be achieved only through evolution.

2. Different by far is the second type of labor dispute, which arises as the collective contract approaches ter-

mination. Both the union and management frequently desire changes in the expiring contract. Even where neither side distrusts the other, where both have long engaged in collective bargaining, differences develop, particularly when conditions in the national economy are rapidly changing. If patience, good will and common sense prevail, compromises are reached. If not, there is a strike or lockout.

These disputes over renewal of contracts would present the courts or compulsory arbitrators with problems different from those which stem from the interpretation of existing agreements. Here, for example, the old contract may call for a nine-hour working day. The union seeks an eight-hour day, as well as changes in working conditions and the rules covering priority and seniority. The union may demand that the weight of packages the workers have to lift be reduced for the protection of their health. It wishes to change the shift hours, the shaping time, the holiday clauses, the apprenticeship rules and to make scores of other changes. The employer also wants to make changes. Each side is seeking revision of perhaps fifty to a hundred clauses.

How can a judge decide these issues? These are disputes over the terms upon which labor offers to sell its labor power and management is willing to buy it. If they can agree, a free and voluntary contract results. If they can not, how can a judge be called upon to decree wage rates, hours, and conditions of labor, arbi-

trarily? On what basis shall he make his decisions? Upon what established principles, laws, or precedents is he to rest his judgment?

Management and labor cannot be coerced into cooperation without losing more than is gained. To surrender to the courts the power to decree the terms under which men work — which is a legislative not a judicial act — will not lead to industrial democracy but to industrial autocracy, if not a totalitarian system akin to communism or fascism.

All past experience shows that whenever a governmental body, which can dictate terms of labor contracts, is set up, both employers and employes lose the basic incentive to bargain collectively and reach agreement; they throw the argument into the lap of the board, commission, or court. And when labor relations are governed by administrative or court decree, not only collective bargaining, but the independence of the union is lost. One step will lead to further steps, until the trade unions are either “company unions” or part of the apparatus of the state.

As one of the effects of compulsory arbitration, incidentally, such a flood of litigation would be unloosed that unions could engage in no other activity, and their treasuries would be exhausted.

3. Compulsory arbitration or judicial decision is even less possible or desirable in the third category of disputes, that involving unions in the

throes of growing up. When unions are still relatively young and weak, they nearly always have a bitter struggle for survival, and are forced to resort to a strike or the threat of a strike to get the employer to agree to a contract, no matter how modest the demands. Management almost invariably regards the union as a threat to its own prerogatives, and yields to the necessity of collective bargaining very reluctantly.

In this vast field of disputes, the parties have no collective bargaining history whatever. The only precedent that exists is the *status quo*. The union is seeking the change. In addition to the controversy over wages, hours and conditions, there is, for example, the question: Should the union have a closed shop, a preferential shop, or a maintenance of membership clause? Or should the employer have an open shop?

Just how are the courts to decide such disputes? What criteria are available to the courts? What standards can be set up by legislation?

Besides, labor feels that with the strike or threat of strike outlawed under compulsory arbitration, unionization of the unorganized would become far more difficult, if not impossible.

III

President Truman and other advocates of the compulsory labor contract would restore to the courts the power they had to grant injunctions in labor

disputes before the enactment of the Norris-La Guardia Act.

Too many have forgotten the evils of the days when employers frequently used the courts to break strikes. The courts often refused to recognize that breaches of the peace or alleged violence by labor men or labor leaders could be redressed through criminal prosecution and civil action for damages. Instead, the courts arrogated to themselves legislative, executive and police functions through the abuse of the injunction. Frequently a single judge issued orders or decrees, interpreted them himself, tried persons for disobedience and imposed sentence. We don't want to return to such a system of government by injunction.

The anti-injunction laws do not make labor leaders immune from prosecution for unlawful acts, but only provide that such acts must be proved. Members of labor unions are merely extended the same rights and protection as any other citizen or litigant in a court of law. Nor do the anti-injunction laws rob the employer of his right to get an injunction, on proper legal grounds, to restrain the union from unlawful acts such as fraud, violence, or breach of the peace. The laws only prevent employers from obtaining injunctions merely on irresponsible affidavits, at the whim of an anti-labor judge. Proof must be offered.

No further legislation is necessary to make unions as responsible under the law as any other association. This is a false issue.

The trend in our era seems to be toward ever greater reliance upon the state, betraying lack of faith in the evolutionary democratic process. If something is wrong, people exclaim, "There ought to be a law." The temptation is to try to find a legislative short-cut to industrial peace. But legislation for the compulsory labor contract would not bring peace but strife. It would make sabotage or violence the only alternative to involuntary servitude.

Unions would be compelled to fight for life, willy-nilly. Not only would many of their main functions be taken over by the courts or other arbitration agencies, but in case of decisions which the membership felt were unjust and unfair the union would have to justify its existence and struggle against those decisions. Even if a few individuals talked it over and decided to quit work, they could be prosecuted for conspiracy or cited for contempt. If 100,000 or a million workers were angered by an adverse compulsory labor contract decreed by an unfriendly court, they would be forced to "strike against the government" rather than accept it. We would have industrial warfare which would benefit only the extreme left and the extreme right.

The final, logical outcome of compulsion in this difficult and delicate field might well be that no one could change jobs without permission from the government, as is the case in Soviet Russia. The court would be saying, in effect, "You must work under the contractual terms decreed;

you have no right to strike or even quit work individually." Even absenteeism might be construed as sabotage.

Public education and government action should be directed to these ends:

1. Strengthening rather than weakening the processes of free collective bargaining.

2. The Conciliation and Mediation Services should be extended to render far more effective aid than they have done heretofore in piloting labor and industry through the troubled waters of collective bargaining.

3. The techniques for the adjudication of disputes arising under existing agreements could be made universal, and methods leading to renewals and revision of agreement should be greatly improved. For one thing, employers and unions should be taught to include in every collective contract a provision that, say, ninety days prior to the expiration date, new written demands should be served by each side upon the other. If the issues raised by such demands are not ironed out in two months of negotiation then either side should have the right to call in a government conciliator, so that he may be helpful before, not after, the contract expires. The Conciliation Service should not sit idly by until it is too late and the strike is already on, or until, like in the coal industry, the country is faced with disaster. And above all, the Conciliation Service should be free from politics.

4. Political strikes and picketing,

to which Communists and fellow travelers are addicted, should be ruthlessly exposed, preferably by labor itself.

5. Racketeers should be driven out of the unions. They should be prosecuted vigorously under our criminal laws, which are ample, if used.

6. Jurisdictional strikes, which are really of an insignificant number, and which organized labor itself condemns, should be dealt with more effectively by our national bodies of labor, the AFL and CIO.

7. And finally, Congress or the President ought to name a Commission on Labor-Industry Relations, similar to the one set up in 1912. Such a Commission would be limited in its

value only by the abilities of its members. It might very well find ways to take further steps toward industrial peace and cooperation. Its main value would probably be in helping to educate the public so that we will have more widespread understanding of the realities in labor relations. But its task would also include recommending legislation where needed.

The heart of the problem is this — do we want to preserve and improve our present system, which has all the weakness and all the virtues of the democratic system generally? Or do we want to adopt the coercive measures which are totalitarian in tendency, and which make for violent rebellion rather than cooperation?



MISTAKE

BY MILTON KAPLAN

MAN is not made right — he's built too small
 For everything that grows inside of him.
 Everything's wrong: his throat's too dry for all
 The songs he wants to sing, his eyes too dim
 For worlds beyond his compassed head; his hands
 Are made too weak, his feet too slow, his skin
 Too tight, so he must heed how he expands
 And learn restraint to starve his spirit thin.

Sometimes a man will stretch all out of shape
 Because he's grown so big inside, his brain
 Is trapped within his skull. Snared in the mesh
 Of nerves he struggles wildly to escape —
 Beating his wing-insurgent mind in vain
 Against the tangled sinews of the flesh.

WHEN PROHIBITION WAS IN FLOWER

BY HERBERT ASBURY

PROHIBITION went into effect throughout the United States on January 16, 1920, and the country settled back with an air of, "well, *that's* settled." There had been a liquor problem. But a Law had been passed. Naturally, there was no longer a liquor problem. No prophet arose to foretell the awful things that were approaching — the rum ships prowling off the coasts, the illicit breweries and distilleries, the bootleggers and speakeasies, the corruption of police and judiciary, the hi-jackers and their machine guns, the gang wars, the multi-millionaire booze barons, the murders and assassinations, the national breakdown of morals and manners, and all the rest of the long train of evils that sprang from the Eighteenth Amendment.

Nor did anyone imagine that the Amendment and its enabling legislation, the Volstead Act, would be difficult to enforce. It was THE LAW, and by and large the American people in those days were law-abiding. The Anti-Saloon League estimated that prohibition could be enforced for less than \$5,000,000 a year, so eager were

the people to enter the shining gates of the dry Utopia. Congress appropriated a little more than that amount, enough to set up an enforcement organization and to provide about 1500 prohibition agents. These noble snoopers, paid an average of about \$2000 a year and hence immune to temptation, were supposed to keep 125,000,000 people from manufacturing or drinking anything stronger than near beer. They didn't, but two of them made an extraordinary try.

In a fourteen-dollar-a-month flat on Ridge Street, in New York's lower East Side, lived a bulbous little man named Isadore Einstein, whom everyone called Izzy. He had been a salesman, both inside and on the road, but was now a minor clerk at Station K of the New York Post Office. It required very shrewd management to feed, house and clothe his family — his wife and four children and his father — on the meager salary of a postal employé. He was looking for something better, and decided that he had found it when he read in his newspaper about the government's plans for what was after-

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ward laughingly called enforcement. He addressed his family, in solemn council.

"Pretty soon now," he said, "I quit my job at Station K."

"So?" asked Mrs. Einstein.

"I go to be a detective," Izzy explained, "to catch bootleggers."

"So? Is that a business for the father of four children?"

"Sixteen hundred dollars a year to start, it says here," said Izzy, "up to twenty-five hundred, it says."

"So! Maybe it is a business!"

James Shevlin, chief enforcement agent for the Southern District of New York, was even less enthusiastic than Izzy's wife. "I must say, Mr. Einstein," he said, "you don't look much like a detective." And that was the truth. Probably no one ever looked less like a detective than Izzy Einstein; on the other hand, once he got going no one ever acted more like one. He was forty years old, almost bald, five feet and five inches tall, and weighed 225 pounds. Most of this poundage was around his middle, so that when he walked his noble paunch, gently wabbling, moved majestically ahead like the breast of an overfed pouter pigeon.

But Izzy was accomplished. Besides English and Yiddish, he spoke German, Polish and Hungarian fluently, and could converse, though haltingly, in French, Italian and Russian. He had even picked up a few words and phrases of Chinese. Moreover, he had a knack of getting along with people and inspiring confidence. No one,

looking at his round, jolly face and twinkling black eyes, ever believed that he was other than he pretended to be.

"I guess Mr. Shevlin never saw a type like me," Izzy said afterward. "Maybe I fascinated him or something. Anyhow, I sold him on the idea that this prohibition business needed a new type of people that couldn't be spotted so easy."

Whatever the reason, Izzy got the job.

Izzy's first assignment was to clean up a place in Brooklyn which the enforcement authorities shrewdly suspected housed a speakeasy, since drunken men had been seen staggering from the building, and the air for half a block around was redolent with the fumes of beer and whiskey. Izzy knew nothing of the correct sleuthing procedure; he simply walked up to the suspected joint and knocked on the door. A peephole was opened, and a hoarse voice demanded to know who was there.

"Izzy Einstein," said Izzy. "I want a drink."

"Oh, yeah? Who sent you here, bud? What's your business?"

"My boss sent me," Izzy explained. "I'm a prohibition agent. I just got appointed."

The door swung open and the doorman slapped Izzy jovially on the back. "Ho! Ho!" he cried. "Come right in, bud. That's the best gag I've heard yet." Izzy stepped into a room where half a dozen men were drinking at a small, make-shift bar.

"Hey, boss!" the doorman yelled. "Here's a prohibition agent wants a drink! You got a badge, too, bud?"

"Sure, I have," said Izzy, and produced it.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the man behind the bar. "Looks just like the real thing."

He poured a slug of whiskey, and Izzy downed it. That was a mistake, for when the time came to make the pinch Izzy had no evidence. He tried to grab the bottle but the bartender ran out the back door with it.

"I learned right there," said Izzy, "that a slug of hooch in an agent's belly might feel good, but it ain't evidence."

So when he went home that night he rigged up an evidence-collector. He put a small funnel in the upper left hand pocket of his vest, and connected it, by means of a rubber tube, with a flat bottle concealed in the lining of the garment. Thereafter, when a drink was served to him, Izzy took a sip, then poured the remainder into the funnel while the bartender was busy making change. The bottle wouldn't hold much, but there was always enough for analysis and to offer in evidence.

II

After Izzy had been an enforcement agent for a few weeks, he began to miss his old friend Moe Smith, with whom he had spent many pleasant evenings in the East Side coffee-houses. Like Izzy, Moe was a natural comedian,

and also like Izzy, he was corpulent. He tipped the scales at about 235 pounds, but he was a couple of inches taller than Izzy and didn't look quite so roly-poly. Moe had been a cigar salesman, and manager of a small fight club at Orchard and Grand Streets, in New York, and had invested his savings in a little cigar store, where he was doing well. Izzy persuaded him to turn over this enterprise to a relative to run for him, and to apply for a job as enforcement agent.

As soon as Moe had been sworn in, he and Izzy were teamed together, and most of the time thereafter worked as a pair. Their first assignment took them to Rockaway Beach, near New York, where they confiscated a still and arrested the operator. This man apparently took a great liking to Izzy, for after he got out of jail he made several trips to New York especially to urge Izzy to go on a fishing trip with him.

"I'll take you three miles out to sea," he said. "You'll have quite a time."

But Izzy firmly declined the invitation. "Sure he'll take me out to sea," he said, "but will he bring me back?"

In those early days of the noble experiment, before the shooting began, everything that happened in connection with prohibition was news, and some of New York's best reporters covered enforcement headquarters. Casting about for something to enliven their stories and to provide exercise for their imagination, they seized upon

the exploits of Izzy and Moe. The two zany and indefatigable agents supplied human interest material by the yard; moreover, they were extraordinarily cooperative. They frequently scheduled their forays to suit the convenience of the reporters and the newspaper photographers.

On one Sunday, accompanied by a swarm of eager reporters, they established a record by making seventy-one raids in a little more than twelve hours. On another they staged a spectacular raid for the benefit of Dr. John Roach Straton, a famous hell-buster of the period, and the congregation of the Calvary Baptist Church in West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, of which Dr. Straton was pastor. Izzy and Moe timed their raid, on a small cafe near the church, to coincide with the dismissal of Dr. Straton's flock after morning services, and the members of the congregation reached the street in time to see the agents rolling barrels of whiskey out of the cafe and smashing them with hatchets. This raid made everybody happy, except, of course, the man who ran the speakeasy. The reporters got a good story, Izzy and Moe got their names in all the papers, and Dr. Straton and his good people went happily home to Sunday dinner, serenely confident that prohibition was working and that all was right with the world.

Hundreds of stories, a great many of them truthful, were written about Izzy and Moe and their grotesque adventures, and they probably made the front pages oftener than any

other personages of their time except the President and the Prince of Wales.

For more than five years the whole country laughed at the antics of Izzy and Moe, with the exception of the prohibitionists, who thought the boys were wonderful, and the bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors, who thought they were crazy and feared them mightily. And their fear was justified, for in their comparatively brief career Izzy and Moe confiscated 5,000,000 bottles of booze, worth \$15,000,000, besides thousands of gallons in kegs and barrels and hundreds of stills and breweries. They smashed an enormous quantity of saloon fixtures and equipment, and made 4392 arrests, of which more than 95 per cent resulted in convictions. No other agents even approached this record.

Nearly all of the victims of Izzy and Moe were small fry bootleggers and speakeasy operators, although they raided and confiscated a considerable number of large stills and breweries, and uncovered many large deposits of liquor in storage hideaways. Their largest single haul was 2000 cases of bottled whiskey and 365 barrels of whiskey and brandy, which they found in a Bronx garage. And they made one terrifying swoop up and down Broadway which put the finishing touches to such celebrated night life resorts as Jack's, the Ted Lewis Club, Shanley's, the Beaux Arts, and Reisenweber's.

Izzy and Moe made many spectacular raids in Chicago, Detroit and other cities ruled by the gangsters and

the beer barons, but they never encountered Al Capone, Johnny Torrio, Frankie Yale or any of the other great hoodlums who were the real beneficiaries of the Eighteenth Amendment. If they had, there is little doubt that they would have taken the booze kings and the triggermen in their stride, for neither Izzy nor Moe lacked courage. Izzy didn't approve of guns, and never carried one. Moe lugged a revolver around occasionally, but in five years fired it only twice. Once he shot out a lock and another time he blew a hole in a keg of whiskey.

Izzy said after he had become a private citizen that guns had been pulled on him only twice, once when he was alone and once when he was with Moe. The first time was on Dock Street, in Yonkers, New York, where he had spent a pleasant and profitable evening with raids on five speakeasies. To make it an even half-dozen, he stopped into a sixth place that looked suspicious, bought a slug of whiskey for sixty cents, and poured it into the funnel in his vest pocket. While he was arresting the bartender, who lived up to his name of Tremble, the owner of the joint came into the bar.

"He pulled an automatic from behind the bar," said Izzy. "She clicked but the trigger jammed. It was aimed right at my heart. I didn't like that. I grabbed the proprietor's arm and he and I had a fierce fight all over the bar, till finally I got the pistol. I don't mind telling you I was afraid, particularly when I found out that the gun was loaded."

On another occasion an angry bartender shoved a revolver against Izzy's stomach. But Izzy didn't bat an eye; he calmly shoved the gun aside.

"Put that up, son," he said, soothingly. "Murdering me won't help your family."

Fortunately, the bartender had a family, and Izzy's warning brought to his mind a vision of his fatherless children weeping at the knee of their widowed mother, who was also weeping. He stopped to think. While he was thinking, Moe knocked him cold.

III

These situations undoubtedly had their ticklish moments, but after all, only Izzy's life was in danger. At Kingston, New York, a little town in the Catskills, he had a frightful experience in which his immortal soul was imperiled. He had a thirty-minute wait there between trains, and while waiting took a walk about the village. He saw several men come out of a small hotel, wiping their lips and looking pleased, so he went in, and in the back of the building found a saloon. His portrait, framed as usual in black crepe, hung behind the bar. Izzy asked for a drink, but the bartender looked closely at him and then at the picture. He said:

"You must be crazy. I wouldn't sell you nothing. You're Izzy Einstein."

"Who's that?" asked Izzy.

They argued for a few minutes, and Izzy offered to bet that he wasn't Izzy Einstein.

"Bet, hell," said the bartender. "I

know a better way to find out than that."

He went to the lunch counter and came back with a sandwich on a plate.

"Here," he said, "eat this with the compliments of the house."

"That was the trickiest tight spot I ever got into," said Izzy. "That sandwich had *ham* in it! But I bit into it, and the bartender thought I ate it. Lucky for me he didn't see me blow the ham out. I could taste the stuff for a week. But he was convinced that I wasn't Izzy Einstein, and he sold me the booze. Then I arrested him, and with great pleasure, I assure you."

One of Izzy's most brilliant ideas was always to carry something, the nature of the burden depending upon the character of the neighborhood and of a particular speakeasy's clientele. This latter he could easily determine by watching the regular customers come and go for a few days. On the East Side and in the poorer sections of the Bronx, if the weather permitted, Izzy went around in his shirt sleeves carrying a pitcher of milk, the very pattern of an honest man on his way home from the grocery. Once in Brooklyn he was admitted to half a dozen gin-mills because he was lugging a big pail of dill pickles. "A fat man with pickles!" said Izzy. "Who'd ever think a fat man with pickles was an agent?"

The thing that newspaper reporters appreciated most about Izzy and Moe was their addiction to what Izzy used to call "comic opera stuff." The disguises that the two agents used were

really out of this world; many had never been seen before on land or sea; they calculated that they had worn more than a hundred different make-ups. And only twice were they ineffective. Once on a Palm Sunday Izzy disguised himself as an Irishman, with palm branches in each lapel, another in his hatband, and a third in his hand, and tried to buy a drink in an Irish speakeasy. The bartender laughed heartily. Again, Izzy disguised himself as himself and tried to buy liquor at a sacramental wine store on West Forty-ninth Street, New York. The proprietor refused to sell because, in his opinion, Izzy didn't look Jewish enough. So Izzy turned the case over to an agent named Dennis J. Donovan, who bought the evidence without difficulty. But Izzy made the arrest. "With pleasure, too, I assure you," he said.

Up in Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, near the public playing fields, was a soft drink establishment which was suspected of being one of the retail outlets of a big rum ring. Many complaints were made to enforcement headquarters that customers had become tipsy after a few shots of the soda water sold in the place; one woman wrote that by mistake her milk shake had been filled with gin. Bad gin, too, she added. The job of getting the evidence was given to Izzy. It proved a difficult task, for the owner of the joint would sell liquor to no one he didn't know personally. So on a Saturday afternoon in November Izzy assembled a group of half

a dozen dry agents, clad them in football uniforms, and smeared their arms and faces with fresh dirt. Then Izzy tucked a football under his arm, hung a helmet over his ears, and led them whooping and rah-rahing into the suspected speakeasy, where they shouted that they had just won the last game of the season and wanted to break training in a big way. The speakeasy owner, pleased at such a rush of business, sold each agent a pint of whiskey. "Have fun, boys," he said. "The same to you," said Izzy, handing him a summons.

Flushed with this striking success, which showed that at heart he was a collegian, Izzy went to Ithaca, New York, to investigate a complaint by officials of Cornell University that some soda fountains near the campus were not confining their sales to pop. Izzy disguised himself as an undergraduate by putting on a little cap and a pair of white linen knickers, and for several days strolled about the campus. Having located the soda fountains which sold liquor, he dashed into them one by one, establishing himself as a student by shouting, "Sizzle Boom! Sizzle Boom! Rah! Rah! Rah!" The owners thought he was a comedian, which indeed he was, and they gladly sold him all the booze he wanted.

IV

By the time Izzy and Moe had been prohibition agents for a couple of years they had compiled such an astonishing record of arrests, convictions

and confiscations that they were looked upon as well-nigh infallible, even by the big shots in Washington who had always resented the publicity they received. Consequently they were frequently sent to other cities where the work of resident agents had been disappointing, and everywhere they lived up to their New York reputations. They made things hum among the bootleggers, the speakeasies, the druggists and their prescription racket, and the fake sellers of sacramental wines, in Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, New Orleans, Mobile, Washington, and a dozen other cities. Sometimes both Moe and Izzy went on these expeditions, and sometimes Izzy travelled alone.

On one of his swings around the so-called enforcement circuit, Izzy made up a sort of schedule showing the length of time it took him to get a drink in various cities. New Orleans won first prize, a four-star hiss from the Anti-Saloon League. When Izzy arrived in the Crescent City he climbed into an ancient taxicab, and as the machine got under way he asked the driver where he could get a drink.

"Right here, suh," said the driver, and pulled out a bottle. "Fo' bits."

Time — 35 seconds.

In Pittsburgh, disguised as a Polish mill worker, Izzy bought a drink of whiskey in eleven minutes. Just seventeen minutes after he got off the train in Atlanta, he walked into a confectionery shop on Peachtree Street, bought a drink, and arrested the proprietor. In Chicago he bought a drink

in twenty-one minutes without leaving the railroad station, and duplicated this feat in St. Louis. In Cleveland it took twenty-nine minutes, but that was because an usher in a vaudeville theater, who had offered to take him to a speakeasy, couldn't get off right away. In Baltimore, Izzy got on a trolley car and asked the conductor where he could find a speakeasy. "In the next block," the conductor replied. Time, fifteen minutes. It took longer in Washington than anywhere else; Izzy roamed the city for a whole hour before he could locate a gin-mill. He finally had to ask a policeman.

During the summer of 1925 the almost continual stories about Izzy and Moe in the newspapers really got on the nerves of the high prohibition enforcement officials in Washington, few of whom got in the papers at all. National headquarters announced that any agent whose name appeared in print in connection with his work would be suspended, and perhaps otherwise punished, on the ground that publicity brought discredit to the service. For a while Izzy really tried to keep away from the reporters and out of the papers, but both he and Moe were Very Important Personages, and it was impossible to keep the news-

paper boys from writing about them.

Finally, on November 13, 1925, it was announced that Izzy and Moe had turned in their gold badges and were no longer prohibition agents. Izzy's story was that he had been told that he was to be transferred to Chicago. He had lived in New York since he was fifteen years old, and had no intention of ever living anywhere else, so he refused to go, and "thereby fired myself."

Governmental officials, however, declared that Izzy and Moe had been dismissed "for the good of the service." Unofficially they said, "The service must be dignified. Izzy and Moe belong on the vaudeville stage." Most of the newspapers took the position that the whole problem of enforcement belonged on the vaudeville stage.

Both Izzy and Moe went into the insurance business, and did well. They promptly dropped out of the public eye, and remained out except for an occasional Sunday feature story, and a brief flurry of publicity in 1928, when Izzy went to Europe and returned with some entertaining accounts of his adventures. Izzy died in New York on February 17, 1938, by which time his four sons had all become successful lawyers.



A MAN's delight in looking forward to and hoping for some particular satisfaction is a part of the pleasure flowing out of it, enjoyed in advance. But this is afterward deducted, for the more we look forward to anything the less we enjoy it when it comes.

— SCHOPENHAUER

CANADA AS A WORLD POWER

By AKELEY MITCHELL

WHAT country, with an area larger than the United States and only one-twelfth as many people, had the third largest navy in the world and the fourth ranking military establishment among the United Nations? It leads the world in per capita industrial production, has the highest output of nickel, radium and earth-shaking uranium and is the biggest exporter of wheat. Its standard of living is second only to that of the U. S. It is second in the production of cargo ships, wood pulp and hydroelectric power, third in aluminum, copper and zinc, fourth in the production of gold. It can export as much as 600,000,000 pounds of bacon in a year and still eat bacon at home. Though the nation's population is less than New York State's, it had more than 600,000 men under arms in World War I and lost nearly a tenth of them — more than were lost by the whole U. S.

A good many people south of the border will not recognize this description of Canada, America's quiet, dependable neighbor for nearly 4000 unfortified miles. For Canada, which

would shine in any other hemisphere, is overshadowed culturally and economically by the huge, noisy, hyperthyroid U. S. Whether they like it or not, Canadians, through radio, press and films, know almost as much about America as any resident of Buffalo. In contrast, the average American knows little about Canada and much of what he knows is wrong. He thinks Canadians are just like Americans except that they did not have sense enough to settle farther south where it is not so cold. He thinks Canada is full of adventurous people, of red-coated mounted police, French-Canadian guides, Eskimos and great open spaces waiting for pioneers. He thinks Canada is a weak satellite and thrall of Britain (or maybe of the U. S.). When he reads that Canada's statesmen are sitting among the top peacemakers, he is surprised. He wouldn't be if he knew certain basic Canadian facts. Let us examine them.

The land is peculiar. Someone once described Canada as a tapeworm running parallel to the U. S. border,

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threaded by a railroad unable to pay for its own axle grease. This savage generalization has a grain of truth in it: Canada's 12,000,000 people huddle in a thin band along the U. S. border, half within fifty miles of it and 90 per cent within 150 miles. None of the large cities is more than sixty airline miles from the edge, and some, like Toronto and Vancouver, are only a stone's throw away.

What keeps the people down is the Laurentian Shield, a million-square-mile wedge of pre-Cambrian rock that reaches around Hudson's Bay and down to the Great Lakes. It lies just beyond Canada's settled lands, sometimes within sight of her smoking factory chimneys and rich farms, separating her wheatlands from her industrial area, determining her weather. To a Canadian, this wilderness, with its diamond-clear sky and myriad blue lakes fringed with conifers, has a strong spiritual significance. It is probably the most striking image of home that he calls up when he is abroad. From it has come Canada's new conception of the frontier. If she had a Horace Greeley, he would say "go north," even though the going is hard, tough and dangerous. For in these wastes lies the promise of a vital future: in the rock are immense reserves of nickel, copper, zinc, radium; the bulk of the nation's fabulous forests cling to the rock and most of her hydroelectric power drains off it.

In the most godforsaken part of the Shield, among the desolate glacial

lakes on the Arctic Circle, is the Eldorado mine from which comes uranium, the material of atom bombs. Only one other mine (in Africa) compares with it. The original owners, who were exploiting Eldorado's pitchblende ore for radium, had to shut it down on account of the war. When the U. S. started the Manhattan Project, the Canadian government bought the owners out. As she has uranium in quantity and possesses the atom-bomb secret, Canada is a world power by definition.

South and east of the Shield, Canada's cultivable land ranges from the latitude of California to far beyond the upper tip of Maine. Along the flat north shore of Lake Erie, Canadians grow tobacco. Along the lower St. Lawrence, French-Canadians raise everything they need including wool. Farther down east than Maine, in the Maritime Provinces, are coal, fisheries and two harbors (Saint John and Halifax) which stay open all winter because of their great tides. They were busy all through the war, especially when the St. Lawrence was winterbound. In the 700-mile sliver between Detroit and Quebec City live nearly two-thirds of all Canadians. Here is produced nearly three-fourths of the nation's manufactures.

West of the Shield, the prairie stretches to the Rockies, a big bread basket in good years and a big headache in years good and bad. The land, up to the point where it is too cold, is so well adapted to raising wheat that many of its farmers were tempted to

raise little else. The war has rescued them from a depression that began in the late twenties. Beyond the Rockies, rich British Columbia is more like Washington and Oregon in climate and industry (e.g., lumbering, ship-building, fishing) than any other part of Canada.

Each section — the English-speaking Maritimes, French Canada, industrial Canada, the prairie and the far west — is cut off from the others by geology or language, and each has so much in common with the corresponding part of the U. S. that, until the first railroad went through in the eighties, there was talk of sections dropping off to join up with the Yankees. Now steel rails, like tightly-fastened barrel hoops, form Canada's east-west axis. Each citizen, through his government, still has \$400 sunk in Canadian National Railways and usually pays taxes to keep it going — an investment in unity. Considering the immense, divisive force of Canada's geography, it is a major miracle that a powerful nation has actually been created in defiance of it.

Canada's people are not homogeneous but nearly all are conservative. Citizens of the big melting pot to the south take it for granted that all immigrants will eventually mix. Though they are more like U. S. citizens than like anyone else, Canadians have never gotten this idea. Although many of the million or so Central Europeans who have swarmed to the wheat belt since 1896 have merged with the English, the

great French bloc clings to its own habits and traditions. Both French and English are official languages.

Going down the St. Lawrence from the Great Lakes, a ship passes through a thousand miles of French territory where these most conservative Canadians have lived over 300 years. When the British conquered it in 1759, the *seigneurs* who ruled New France took themselves off, leaving 65,000 habitant farmers, *voyageurs*, *coureurs du bois* and their *curés* behind. The people have lost touch with their mother country since then (no one should be surprised that they do not necessarily beat a drum when France is threatened) and have formed no new cultural allegiance. They have developed political allegiance to the British king. They even fought the Yankees off as early as Revolutionary times. A nation unto themselves, they cherish *notre foi, notre langue, nos mœurs* and are too isolationist to participate willingly in Britain's overseas wars.

Under the eye of the priests, French-Canadian rural life is strict. Loose living is frowned upon, early marriages and large families encouraged, with at least one son destined for the priesthood. Farms are usually handed down intact from father to eldest son.

The first English-speaking Canadians were some 60,000 Tory refugees from the American Revolution, perhaps royaler and loyaler than the people home in London. A steady stream of Britons — Scotch, Welsh, English and Irish — has followed

them, supplemented by northern Europeans and some American malcontents who crossed over after the Civil War. Heavy immigration is the only way other stocks have kept ahead of the fast-multiplying French and made up for the heavy emigration to the U. S. (Canada's adventurous spirits have always gone south.)

Most of these people carefully remember just where they come from, love old traditions of home and even hold clan meetings. They are serious-minded, usually Protestant, go in for blue laws, dependability, and canny enterprise. They are delighted (so are the French) to see royal visitors from overseas but are North American enough not to want titles for themselves. The king has discontinued giving honors to Canadians.

Her innate conservatism keeps the nation a political sobersides. Where the imaginative American gets steamed up and will try anything, the Canadian keeps his shirt on and prefers to wait and see. The Canadian Liberal Party is so conservative that the Conservatives are hard put to it for issues at election time. During the depression, the Ottawa government passed some social legislation — workmen's compensation, old age benefits, etc., and recently the government started subsidizing the children of families with less than \$3000 a year. But in general Ottawa lags behind Washington in social legislation.

Canada has no Wagner Act and labor legislation is left largely to the

provinces. The CIO and the AFL have affiliates north of the border and the Church has fostered a Catholic workers' syndicate, but the unions have made little headway in the face of conservative public opinion which makes organizing slow and beats strikes. The government has instituted a cost-of-living bonus to help workers meet rising prices. Nevertheless, most Canadian workers have longer hours and shorter pay than those in the U. S.

The most zealous reformers in Canada are in the west. The CCF (Cooperative Commonwealth Federation), centered in Saskatchewan, proposes to organize the country cooperatively so as to make the standard of living consistent with productive capacity; the Social Credit movement, centered in Alberta, aims to tide people over hard times by tampering with the currency. As the Ottawa government throws out any provincial legislation that appears too radical, these parties have made no marked changes in their bailiwicks. The CCF got only twenty-eight seats and the Social Creditors thirteen (out of 245) in last spring's election. They are said to have gained strength since the Labor victory in Britain.

Canadian senators are appointed for life and when a Prime Minister is elected it often amounts to practically the same thing. Several have held office as long as President Roosevelt. Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, who learned how to run Canada under the great French-

Canadian Prime Minister Sir Wilfred Laurier (1896-1911), has held office since 1921 except for a five-year (1930-35) Conservative hiatus. He is a stocky, unexciting, typically-Canadian fellow whose special virtues are that he tries to do what the people want and knows how to compromise with both French and English.

Many people, even Canadians, believe that the pull of the U. S. dollar is so strong that Canada can never be great culturally or scientifically. This is not quite true. It is true that 10 per cent of her university graduates leave to make their fortunes abroad, that she has never written a good play, that her actors (e.g., Walter Huston, Walter Pidgeon, Mary Pickford, Raymond Massey) go elsewhere to act. And it is true that the man engaged to beautify Ottawa is a Frenchman from France and that another Frenchman from France, Louis Hémon, wrote the great epic novel about French Canada, *Maria Chapdelaine*. But to say that Canada has made no contributions of her own is incorrect.

Lord Rutherford, once an instructor at Montreal's McGill, was the first man to split the atom. Perhaps this was a geographical accident. But the discovery of insulin by the late Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, and the breeding of rust-resistant Marquis wheat by Sir Charles Saunders were both true products of Canadian ingenuity. Gilbert Labine, a Canadian, discovered the Eldorado mine by recognizing likely pitch-

blende territory from the air. Ben Chaffey of Ontario has become well known for his irrigation projects in California and Australia. Sir William Osler's contribution to medicine was made just as much at McGill as at Johns Hopkins or Oxford. He was a Canadian.

In painting, Canada has a sturdy regional outlook. The brilliant, decorative landscapes of the Group of Seven, painted on the rocks of the Canadian Shield, have their counterpart in the U. S. school of Benton, Curry and Wood. A Montreal group has become the legitimate descendant of the Parisian school. The functional architectural shapes of Canada's terminal grain elevators became national landmarks before Frank Lloyd Wright really got started.

People in the U. S. are familiar with the popular novels of Mazo de la Roche and the gentle ironies of that prince of humorists, Stephen Leacock. Recently the more serious works of Hugh MacLennan and Gwethalyn Graham have attracted attention.

Most unexpected is Canada's leadership in documentary films, of which her National Film Board has become the world's largest producer. Its *World in Action* series of geopolitical reels goes to 6000 U. S. theatres and is shown all over the world.

Canada, entering World War II in 1939, made a slow start but emerged, surprisingly, the world's fourth industrial power. In the beginning, Britain thought she could furnish all the

heavy tools of war and her firms refused to send designs for weapons to Canada. Suddenly, with the fall of France, she had to renege and could not even supply promised training planes to Canada. In the same breath, she had to ask Canada to get into war production and to train a great air armada for the whole empire.

The country rose to the occasion. She quickly arranged to acquire every training plane, every spare rifle, every machine that could be gleaned in the States. Air training fields were built so fast that by the fall of 1940 she had the training facilities planned for 1942. Soon flyers soared from 100 airdromes in Canadian-made, U. S.-motored trainers. Canadian plants began to turn out tanks, transport units (135,000 army trucks, gun carriers, etc. in the first eighteen months), a dozen types of field and naval guns, hundreds of thousands of bombs. She made, in quantity, radar, small arms, chemicals and synthetic rubber. She supplied the U. S. with aluminum from a gigantic new plant at Arvida in the Quebec wilderness. The ship-building industry spurted. She sent \$2,000,000,000-worth of food to Britain and Russia, convoyed largely by her own Navy, which began with thirteen ships.

She helped Britain financially as much as she could, starting with a gift of \$1,000,000,000 to buy Canadian food and war supplies. Britain paid for as much as she could but inevitably fell \$4,000,000,000 behind. Canada herself did not benefit

from U. S. lend-lease. She paid in goods and cash part of the way and pays prompt interest on the rest. Not counting the U. S.-built Alcan Highway from Edmonton, Alberta, to Whitehorse, Fairbanks and Nome, the U. S. has about \$4,000,000,000 invested in Canada, more than her investment in all Europe. Canada in turn has perhaps \$1,000,000,000 invested in the U. S. and \$2,000,000,000 in the railroads tying the countries together. Scraping up dollars to even U. S. accounts during the war got to be a problem.

Canada's war economy was only slightly more nerve-wracking than her peacetime system. Though rich in resources, ability and energy, she is not self-sufficient like the U. S. and her consumer market is too small to absorb the great quantity of commodities which she does produce. She must trade to exist: she has little oil; her aluminum is extracted from British Guiana ore; she needs steel, cotton, tobacco, machine tools, etc. from the U. S. and needs to have the U. S. soak up huge quantities of her newsprint, pulpwood, furs, fish, nickel, asbestos, etc. In normal times she has a favorable trade balance with Britain (mostly from exports of food and raw materials) that more than compensates for her unfavorable trade balance with the U. S.; thus her over-all balance is favorable. This three-way arrangement accounts for 78 per cent of her trade. It also accounts for her depressions. Not volatile herself, she

is necessarily infected with U. S. or British economic change. Perhaps because of her national character or the strong infusion of Scots, she does not swing as far as her neighbor in either depression or boom. Present case in point: she has kept the current price rise down to 18 per cent, compared with 30 per cent in the U. S.

To reconvert, Canada needs to get the flow of goods to Britain going again. At one time, she even hoped for a 33 per cent increase in exports over 1939. But Britain is hard up and wants to protect her own manufactures. For a time she practically barred all Canadian processed goods and sharply restricted food and raw material purchases. To Canadians, who are not pressing for payment of old debts and who stand ready to make buying terms easy, this seems like killing the goose. Britain is expected to modify her stand sharply in view of Canada's recent loan of \$1,250,000,000. However, Canada also seeks further U. S. and Latin-American markets.

Canada has entered world power politics; what she does is vital to the U. S. When Mr. King went to England and Washington last fall, he devoted most of his time to the Truman-Attlee-King atom bomb agreement and to related subjects, all new fields for Canadian thought.

To those who have learned to view the globe from the top, it is obvious that Canada is at the center of an iron triangle of power — the U. S., Russia

and Britain. She used to be in a protected position, but the strategic importance of her land mass has become crucial in an age of global air war. After World War I, Canada complacently resumed her isolationism, an attitude that has now become impossible. For in another war she might easily find herself in the position Belgium occupied in World War I. A clash between any two of the Big Three would find her in the middle.

All the Great Circle routes, from New York to London, Paris or Moscow, from Chicago or Seattle to Shanghai, Chungking or Delhi, cross Canada. In 1942, when a Japanese invasion of North America was a strong possibility and the Nazis were sinking ships in the Atlantic with monotonous frequency, the Great Circle staging routes were being rapidly developed by the U. S. Army and Navy with the cooperation of the Royal Canadian Air Force and the active assistance of Canada's Department of Munitions and Supply. Chains of airfields were built from Edmonton to the Yukon, from Churchill on the west side of Hudson's Bay to Ungava in Baffinland and on to Greenland.

These routes have now been turned over to Canada for \$75,000,000 (cost to the U. S.: \$90,000,000). Whether rapid development of the north will follow is a moot point. Distance from markets is a severe handicap and the number of the increasingly urbanized Canadians who wish to live in a climate of sub-Arctic severity will always be limited.

With or without colonization, Canada knows that effective occupation is necessary to maintain territorial rights. She must not be content merely to watch other nations' planes go by. The government is therefore preparing to take over the vast supplementary northern network of privately-owned airlines and is in the market for large, fast planes to keep that network humming.

Canada is now on top of the world. But, being a small nation with enough wealth for a large one, she is in the quandary of a midget wearing a diamond necklace to the fights. Her best defense is to do what she can to spread the concept of equal rights between peoples, to promote general prosperity and world security. And the corollary to that is that she must promote a domestic policy of social security for Canadians.

Prime Minister King has clearly stated that Canada will no longer merely acquiesce in the decisions of other nations — that henceforth she will herself participate in decision-making. She has long been legally free of Britain (except for the British Privy Council's function as a sort of supreme court in Canadian civil law) and now suddenly finds herself ready to act that way. In her new international dealings her racial dualism is an asset for the first time: it gives her a tolerance and an understanding of the European spirit denied to many Americans.

Because of the unfortified boundary and because of the Monroe doctrine too, the United States is committed to defend Canada. As the international thinking of both nations develops, each may well learn by looking to the other as well as by looking overseas.



BELLWORT

By FRED LAPE

OUT of our long progress, how limited yet
 our senses, how much still to be seen
 and felt and heard: the flow of sap
 murmuring upward in wood or plant stem;
 the joining of atom to atom in a bud's coil;
 the bursting of a seed pod under earth
 when the cotyledons spread and split it.

Will a man's ears ever grow keen enough
 to hear the sound of the bellwort blossoms
 swaying in wind, the petals' rustle against air?

PETRILLO OF THE MUSICIANS UNION

By VICTOR RIESEL

AT TOOTS SHOR's celebrity-packed restaurant, a paunchy, petulant gentleman was grouching to a local night club editor. Between long swigs of beer, the chubby customer was complaining bitterly over the then current elevator strike: "I hadda walk down thirty-four flights. It's hard on an old man like me. Those gahdamn unions! They'll ruin this country."

Was this a Wall Street playboy speaking? No, the lament came from America's highest-priced labor leader — James Caesar Petrillo, president (some call him boss, czar and dictator) of the American Federation of Musicians. He was the leader of 180,000 musicians — from the fiddler at Polish weddings to Jose Iturbi and even Tommy Dorsey, the hep-cat's delight. His union had provided him with sufficient power to defy successfully Franklin D. Roosevelt, the State Department, the OWI, Elmer Davis, Congress, the Army and the Navy; and to ban production of musical records in the United States for two years; to censor plays; to order Army and Navy bands off the air; to cancel

broadcasts scheduled by Presidents and Vice-Presidents; to prevent child orchestras from being used by the radio chains. He was all of this, yet he was slamming the unions. And it was not surprising.

It was not surprising because to little Caesar Petrillo only one union counts — the AFM which pays him \$49,000 a year including expenses. (This is more than the combined salaries of the AFL and CIO presidents and almost two-thirds of what the United States pays its President.) Aside from his own comfort and omnipotence, this jaunty, bespectacled, table-thumping ex-newsboy lives for one thing only: the fullest employment for the greatest number of musicians. Nothing else matters. A mark of his success is the AFM's power today. The Federation virtually has complete control over all the music America hears.

For the musicians, Petrillo has indeed done a great deal. He has built a powerful labor organization and for the first time in history he has given the American musician considerable

VICTOR RIESEL, labor editor of the New York Post and a radio news analyst, has covered many of the major strikes and strike settlements. He has recently completed a book on the leading labor "bosses."

security and high wage standards. Look at the standards in New York. Men who play five hours out of an eight-hour day in radio stations earn a minimum of \$150 a week; the scale for men who play in theaters is \$102 for a six-day week. In cafes and night clubs the musicians are working a six-day week, a considerable victory over the past when they worked for months on end without a day off. Wages have gone up 15 to 20 per cent. The big names, of course, get what the traffic will bear. One young drummer earns \$750 a week for keeping the hepcats jumping.

For all this, the beneficiaries of Petrillo's paternalistic rule are not universally satisfied with it. Bitterest complaints center around admission to the union and transfers from one city to another.

At present, in some cities, only twenty-five applicants are permitted to take the required membership test each week. This means that anybody applying for admittance to the AFM local in a big city may be four or five hundred names back and so may have to wait five or six months before learning whether he is acceptable and can enter the ranks of the professional musicians. The gripe over transfers from one city to another springs from the rule that a musician who has a job offered to him in a city away from his home must wait up to six months before he is permitted to take unrestricted work in the new town. While he is waiting the half year for his transfer card, he must support

himself as best he can, with one-night stands. The union officials keep rigid check on these applicants for transfer.

Nor has Petrillo's let-the-public-be-damned attitude redounded wholly to the union's benefit. As a result of his obstreperous leadership, the AFM has fallen under heavy criticism from an irritated people and their national legislators. Last April the sentiment against the bellicose musicians' union boss became so strong that President Truman signed without comment the "anti-Petrillo bill," the first labor law aimed specifically at a single union leader.

The new law actually sets up criminal penalties for those convicted of compelling or attempting to coerce radio broadcasters to submit to "featherbed" employment practices. The measure also provides imprisonment and heavy fines for those caught forcing broadcasters to hire more employees than necessary; to pay for services not performed; to pay unions for using phonograph records; to pay again for broadcasting a transcript of a previous program and to halt programs originating in foreign lands or any type of non-commercial cultural or educational program.

It can easily be seen that the law, now being fought by the highest AFL counsels as unconstitutional, hits right at the core of Petrillo's job-making techniques and even prevents him from banning student music, such as the Interlochen Orchestra, from going on the air. So it appears that his disregard for the public has boom-

eranged and hurt his union followers. In spite of this law, however, Petrillo continues to swashbuckle in the music field.

II

Petrillo's procedure in making work for his union members is "outrageous!" of course, but it's easy to understand how his tactics advertise within the union his ruthless record for "taking care of my boys." For example, there is the story of Abe Katz, a trumpeter by trade who once took a part-time job with the cast of *Doughgirls*. He was to toot his horn off-stage for exactly fifteen seconds toward the end of the play and then go back to his regular job at Radio City Music Hall. When Petrillo heard of the arrangement, he insisted that Katz get the full weekly scale for a trumpeter. Poor Abe was actually embarrassed by getting \$123.75 for two minutes' work per week — or \$61.87 a minute.

If the *Doughgirls*' producers had refused to pay Katz the scale, Petrillo could have closed the play simply by throwing a picket line around the theatre. The stagehands would have stayed out because of Petrillo's power in the amusement field. And the theatre owner would have thought many times before keeping a play which Petrillo wanted to shut down. Petrillo could have put the theatre on the Federation's unfair list and deprived it of musicians permanently. To do any of these things, Petrillo need consult no one.

Under the AFM constitution, Petrillo is the union's absolute boss. He can "annul and set aside" the AFM constitution, by-laws, resolutions or rules and "substitute therefor other and different provisions of his own making." He can suspend all members — Heifetz, Paul Whiteman or the piano player known as "Professor" down at your local Joe's.

And conveniently, the AFM constitution further provides that "the power to do so is hereby made absolute in the president, when, in his opinion, such orders are necessary." He can remove any officer of any local (AFM affiliate) whom he finds guilty of neglect, interference or violation. Under these powers he can never be removed for he can simply cancel any election which goes against him.

Has this power been abused? Undoubtedly it has. Mr. Petrillo has made arbitrary decisions and then referred them for approval to his National Executive Board. His power has discouraged opposition groups from working against him within the union. No elective competition for his presidential office has arisen in years. The mere retention of such absolute power is, of itself, abuse, for it makes AFM virtually the personal property of Mr. Petrillo. Under no circumstances can such concentration of control in a labor organization be justified.

The arbitrary power which Petrillo wields has aroused the entire American press against him; cartoonists delight in lampooning him. But he

in turn loves all this caricaturing. He has the cartoons puffed up and framed. Like John L. Lewis' ornate offices, Petrillo's suite in New York's General Electric Building is hung with critical cartoons. One of these reveals two angels reclining on a cloud. Harp in his hand, the first winged heavenly citizen is saying: "At last, Joe, we can play anything we want without worrying about Petrillo." The AFM boss' disdain for public opinion is reflected in his love of these drawings. He revels in being reviled. So much so that he has refused to hire a publicity man although the union conventions have "voted" him the right to do so.

To easily-caricatured Petrillo, these cartoons and the public wrath which lies behind them are signs of his power. They provide a measure of the road he has traveled since the days he sold papers in the Chicago Loop because his ditch-digging father couldn't keep the Petrillo clan warm and fed. The horror of those impoverished years helps to explain his "crusade" to keep his "boys" employed at the highest possible wages.

Out of this singleness of purpose, the musicians' chieftain has developed a paternal feeling towards the union — which he now considers his personal property. So strong is this sentiment that once, during a union convention, he shouted from the platform: "I swear I will never take my hand off the pulse of this organization! I dare anyone to harm this organization! I will protect you as long as I live!"

III

Just what Petrillo's idea of protection is can be seen from a detailed examination of his "make-work" record. It has been the toughest union policy in history.

On a balmy spring day in 1931, he learned that the Chicago Italians were arranging a jubilee at the Navy Pier with the music scheduled to be played by a non-union orchestra, thrown together by an Italian society. "No union band, no jubilee!" Petrillo roared. Since the entire affair was run as a part of Benito Mussolini's Fascist propaganda offensive in America, Chicago Consul Giuseppe Castruccio telephoned Petrillo and delivered a burning "You-can't-do-this-to-us" speech. The next morning Il Duce found on his desk \$175 worth of cablegrammed wrath from Petrillo demanding that the late dictator instruct Castruccio "to cooperate."

Rather than tangle with Petrillo, who threatened a personal war on Italian Fascist activity in Chicago, Mussolini yielded to the AFM leader. Union musicians, on orders from Rome itself, played alongside the Italian band and some twenty American Federation of Musicians men got an extra day's pay.

Petrillo's union has treated democrat and fascist alike. The Federation shut Franklin D. Roosevelt off the Philadelphia air waves some years ago. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, scheduled to be the musical feature of the program, had offered its

services gratis since the show was presented as part of the Mobilization for Human Needs campaign. The union objected to the orchestra playing for nothing. Radio station officials then canceled the broadcast because it was impractical to carry the late President's address without using the complete program. In these instances you have the key to Petrillo's policy — no organization band can contribute its services while union musicians are available, and no AFM musicians can play without charge (except at servicemen's canteens).

This strategy reached its acme in his campaigns against musical children and canned music. The drive against the youngsters in Chicago began a few years ago when the *Daily News* there bought a giant panda and arranged a reception for it which featured Chinese Boy Scout buglers. Petrillo had no special grievance against oriental animals or youngsters, but music was about to be played by non-union members. This he took as a personal insult. He insisted that an equal number of AFM players be paid by the *News* to stand by while the Chinese children tooted at the panda. He won! Since then, in cavalier disregard for public opinion, he has kept child bands off the air in San Francisco, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Washington.

The most famous of these child musician cases is Petrillo's fight against the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan — a struggle which is still continuing. At the present

writing, Petrillo has ordered Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, the school's president, to appear before the AFM Executive Board to show cause why he should not be expelled from the union for teaching at the camp. The indignant Dr. Maddy has held an AFM membership card for thirty-five years — far longer than Petrillo.

It all started back in the summer of 1930, when the good people of Interlochen inaugurated a summer broadcast of a 160-piece children's orchestra. For twelve years it broadcast every vacation period. Then suddenly in July 1942, with parents in forty states waiting for their prodigies to go on the air for the first time that season, Petrillo struck. Some twenty-two hours before the Interlochen High School was to begin its thirteenth season of NBC broadcasts from Interlochen, Little Caesar ordered the programs cancelled. He ruled that the children were amateur musicians and could not compete with professionals who earned their bread playing over the air waves.

Dr. Maddy was shocked. The press was aroused. The Federal Communications Commission investigated. Congressional inquiries were demanded. Senator Vandenberg introduced a bill to prohibit interference with such programs. Music-boss Petrillo was unmoved. He even went one step further and placed the camp on the union's unfair list. This simply meant that no one who continued to teach at the summer school could ever hold a commercial music job again.

If the four national networks or an individual radio station would carry the student concerts, the radio chains were likely to lose the services of musicians on all programs.

Perhaps the best case for Petrillo's war against Interlochen was made by Jack Rosenberg, a man of exceptional integrity and head of Local 802, composed of 22,000 musicians.

"Interlochen has been broadcasting as a commercial proposition for years," Rosenberg told me once. "After all, the broadcasts attract hundreds of cash-paying students to the school each summer. It's a private business. The kids' parents pay from \$275 to \$400 for an eight weeks' summer course. When they broadcast, they take up air time for which no one is paid. If the practice became widespread among the many children's bands, where would we be? And has anyone stopped to think that many of the youngsters become musicians when they grow up? They want to join the union. If we don't protect the source of jobs, how will the Interlochen youngsters and all the others earn a living at decent standards when they are some five years older?"

It is true that scores of child orchestras would be on the air today if Petrillo hadn't moved against them. Walter Damrosch wanted to create a great youth orchestra out of high school bands. And radio chains were ready to furnish free time. The Cincinnati Conservatory of Music was another institution which had its orchestra forced off the air. Add up the

air time these amateurs would have consumed without charge and you have the basic reason for Petrillo's action.

IV

Petrillo hates canned music even more than the music of gifted children. The little fellow may not know Thorstein Veblen from a totem pole, but the fight on canned music proved that Petrillo has groped his way to an understanding of modern technological economics. Once, talking of his campaign against the \$200,000,000 juke box business and the fabulously wealthy music recording industry, he said:

"Icemen are losing their jobs to Frigidaires the same way that a lot of musicians are losing their jobs to canned music. But there is this difference: the iceman doesn't have anything to do with manufacturing the machine that robs him of his job, whereas the musician does 'manufacture' the recorded music that is played over and over on radio and in those nickel-record machines thousands of times to rob other musicians of a chance to work."

Thousands of ordinary but accomplished musicians would soon be on the outside of the country's studios looking in, if it were not for Little Caesar. There are about 300 small stations whose musical life-blood is canned music — records and transcriptions. These stations, generally operating on a five-and-dime basis, play "name"

band records over and over all day long to plug local advertisers. The station gets the ad revenue. The local musicians get nothing. Here is how Jack Rosenberg sums up the situation:

"The little stations tell us they don't need music. Then you tune in on them and for twenty-four hours a day you hear nothing but music — nothing but Federation musicians, all 'name' bands, and this from records which the stations buy for thirty cents to a dollar and play for hours, although the platter is marked for home consumption only. To add insult to injury, they dress up the commercials so you don't even know it's a recording. Something like this: 'Well, Tommy Dorsey, how are you tonight?' and then they play Dorsey's pieces and the country folk think they hear 'live' music. But no 'live' musicians are paid."

Other Petrillo headaches came from the 600,000 juke boxes.

The AFM boss pointed out years back that "everybody gets a slice of that juke-box money: the machine-maker, the man who rents it, the song writer. But the musicians get nothing except what they were paid for the original, single recording. Their record keeps some little band from getting a job in a roadhouse or a restaurant. A good recording costs musicians about a million dollars a year in wages before it runs its course."

So it wasn't surprising to insiders — although the nation was startled — that on June 8, 1942 some 700 dele-

gates to the AFM Dallas convention cheered themselves almost into hysteria when stubby Petrillo hopped to the center of the rostrum and shouted: "From and after August 1, 1942, the members of the AFM will not play or contract for recordings, transcriptions or any other form of mechanical reproduction of music." That is, not until the major recording companies agreed to pay the union a tax on each platter cut by AFM musicians.

Petrillo won this fight simply by settling first with Decca Records, Inc., producers of half of all U. S. wax discs. That was in October 1943. The contract made labor history by calling for royalty payments to the AFM of one-fourth of a cent to five cents on each platter made by Decca. And he won the right to examine Decca's books so that he could ascertain for himself whether he was receiving full payment! The fund will be handled exclusively by Little Caesar, making him one of the nation's most powerful labor leaders. A year later the other companies capitulated. When asked what he expects to do with the millions piling up in the fund, Petrillo said: "We'll bring good music to places like, perhaps, Butte, Montana. . . ." What he means is that, in the event of another depression and widespread unemployment among musicians, the millions of dollars collected in royalties would be used in cities everywhere to make artificial jobs through union-sponsored concerts.

The principle of royalty payment

by industry to build up a union fund designed to cushion the effects of a depression may have merits. In this case, however, Mr. Petrillo has arrogated to himself powers over a community fund which really belongs to the entire music industry, not to the union alone. This fund may total \$50,000,000 within ten years. Little Caesar can spend the money as he sees fit. He might decide that the best way to beat a depression would be to finance the election campaign of a particular candidate or political party. The fund should not be controlled exclusively by the union. It should be governed by a board representing the union, the music industry and the public.

During the very week that Mr. Truman signed the anti-Petrillo law, the musicians' leader launched a new drive for more "live" musicians' jobs. He warned the National Association of Broadcasters that the musicians planned to go right on with their present union tactics despite the new law. He informed eight major motion picture producers that the American Federation of Musicians wants a new contract providing a minimum wage

of \$200 for a ten-hour week. He demanded that the studios hire a minimum of ninety musicians — a three-fold increase in musical manpower. The producers screamed that the proposal was "fantastic," charging that it would jump their costs between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 a year. And then, to top his nose-thumbing at Congress and the President, Petrillo informed the music record industry that he was invoking the six-months reopening clause in his contracts with it and would make new demands next October.

A few weeks before he made these demands, he suddenly became suspicious of competition offered his "boys" by foreign musical programs broadcast from abroad. So he simply announced that the AFM would no longer permit American radio stations to pick up such programs. State Department officials immediately expressed fear that this order might be detrimental to the government's efforts to establish better relations with foreign powers.

Little Caesar was hardly impressed. Indeed, it is difficult to see what ever will impress him — except the welfare of his "boys."



A BEAUTY masked, like the sun in eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shined out.

— WYCHERLEY: *The Country Wife*

Appendicitis needn't

frighten you  if recognized in time!

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TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT

A Story

BY GUIDO COEN

I DON'T remember for how long I heard them talk about it. Certainly many months. But the real preparations began about two weeks after Father received the letter.

"Any day now I should get the letter," my father kept saying. At last it came. It was from the Premium Life Insurance Company, addressed to Mr. Max Morowitz, 60 Roebling Street, Brooklyn, New York, advising that his endowment policy had matured, and that unless he sent notice in writing of his wish to leave the amount with the company, under any of the options provided for in the policy, a check in the amount of \$1000 would be available to Mr. Morowitz himself, at the offices of the company on Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

At dinner time my father read the letter aloud, declaiming it as he would a royal command.

"What is the options provided for in the policy?" my mother asked. "Are you getting the check?"

"Don't worry," Father said. "This is the greatest country in the world. This is America, Mamma, not Russia. They promised one thousand dollars, and one thousand dollars it's going to be."

"But what is the options of the policy?" Mother insisted.

"Don't worry," said Father, "this is America."

PREPARATIONS consisted chiefly of a trip to a department store to fit us out for the occasion. My father had suggested that we go to a "real good store," but Mother had objected, "What do you call a good store, where you spend more money? In Klein's you get the same things they sell uptown, only it's half the price, that's all."

So on a Saturday afternoon we fought our way through the thickest of the crowd in Klein's, up to the boys' department to select a sailor's suit and whistle for my kid brother. Mother kept asking other shoppers for advice as she measured the suits

GUIDO COEN practiced law in Italy until 1938, when he emigrated to this country. He was graduated from the Columbia University Law School in 1942 and almost immediately decided to abandon the legal profession entirely. He is now engaged in the manufacture of dolls in New York City. This is his first story to be published anywhere.

against my brother's back. "It's for a special occasion . . ." she said as an explanation and an apology to a fat woman who seemed to take a particular interest in our problem. Mother must have figured on many such special occasions, however, for her choice finally fell upon a size that would fit a boy double my brother's age. My brother got hold of the whistle, which was tied to the suit, and went blowing into it with all the power of his lungs. We had to chase him all over the place before we could take the whistle away from him and wrap it up with the suit. Only then was silence restored to the huge floor.

We then moved to the girls' department for the purchase of a hat for me. I stood a little stiffly in front of the three sided mirror, with a faint smile, as my mother kept trying the most varied assortment of headgear above my earnest little face. We bought a Scotch type bonnet, price \$2.95. "They show the same hat on Fifth Avenue for five dollars," said Mother. But the most important purchase was to be made on the main floor, where we finally located the children's handbag counter and selected a bag safe enough to hold the insurance check.

A few days later my father, coming home, produced a new blue suit out of a big cardboard box imprinted with the slogan, "Goldberg never loses a customer."

"How does it fit?" he asked, after he tried it on, strutting up and down the kitchen. My mother did not an-

swer. She went over appraisingly to feel the cloth between her fingers.

Mother did not buy anything for herself. She took a lace collar off one old blue dress, washed it and ironed it, and sewed it on an old black dress.

"For God's sake, can't you buy yourself something good and new, to celebrate!" Father said.

"As long as I'm neat and clean . . ." Mother protested defiantly.

WHEN the day finally came we were excused from attending school. After a hearty breakfast we boarded the red trolley car at the Bridge Plaza. We got off at Madison, and walked the few blocks to the Premium Life Building. In the lobby we gathered around my father as, in words that many a professional guide might have envied, he briefly lectured us about the Institution whose check he was about to cash.

"Children," he said, "this is the Home Office of the Premium Life Insurance Company, the greatest insurance company of America, what am I saying, the greatest company in the whole world. Anybody who has a policy with this company is a member. I am a member of this company for twenty years. Do you know how many dollars of insurance the company has? Five billion dollars. That is five thousand times more than a million dollars. Every hour that goes by, every minute, this company pays out millions and millions of dollars to the policy-holders."

The lecture ended, my father led us

to the elevator and the little procession moved to the cashier's window. Father produced his credentials, the check was handed over to him, examined by him and by Mother, and placed into my handbag. My brother's attempt at blowing the whistle was swiftly repressed. We walked out of the building into Madison Square Park for a short rest.

"Yes," said my father, "it seems like yesterday, when the man talked to me to sell me this policy. Mr. Daranyi was the name. Hungarian, but he lived in Paris a long time before coming to America. I didn't want to take the policy. Twenty years is too long, I told him, do you have a policy for ten years or five years? I have a policy even for two years, said Daranyi, but I don't think it's a good bargain. Why, I myself have a policy for forty years. Twenty years is a short time. When I was a young man I thought it was a long time, I thought even one single year was a long time. When I was twenty, said Daranyi, I thought a man at forty was an old man. You hardly have time to look at your watch, said Daranyi," — here Father paused briefly, looking intently at the bulky watch he had produced out of his vest coat pocket — "and twenty years have passed. Yes, that Mr. Daranyi was right, twenty years go by pretty fast."

After an inspection of my bag, to make sure the check was still there, we resumed our walk; down Third Avenue to the Lifetime Savings Bank.

Father filled out the deposit slip and we all proceeded to the teller's window. There I dug into my little handbag and proudly handed the check to Father. He endorsed it, took a last look at it and slid it through the window. As the teller was making the entry in the bankbook, Father could not help a little boasting. "Young man," he said, "there you see the fruit of twenty years' labor. We just cashed a twenty year endowment from the Premium Life Insurance Company."

"That's certainly something to be mighty proud of," said the teller. "Congratulations Mr. er . . . Mr. Morowitz," he added after a second look at the check.

"Thank you, thank you very much," said Father. "Proud? Yes, I can't deny we feel proud. It doesn't happen every day, you know," he smiled complacently, "a *twenty* year policy."

The teller handed back the bankbook but our little group remained in front of the window. "Congratulations, Mr. Morowitz," the teller said again, trying unsuccessfully to shake hands through the wicket gate. There was not much else to do. My father leading, slowly we walked out.

THE rest of the day was spent in celebrating. We rode to Times Square. We walked up and down Broadway, with innumerable stops, for a snack, for orangeade, for ice cream, for peanuts, for candy. We sat for hours through a double feature

movie. My brother and I laughed and talked excitedly. Father and Mother said very little. We had a picture taken, copies printed while you wait, my brother with eyes too wide open, I with my eyes closed to avoid the glare of the flash-light.

We had dinner at a huge restaurant on the East Side. Mother tried to put across her idea of a balanced diet but Father said this was no time for diet nonsense. My brother did not utter a single word; he was busy filling his stomach to capacity.

As the dinner proceeded, Mother checked the prices on the menu. "People are crazy to go to restaurants," she kept saying. "We could have the same dinner at home for less than half the price."

"We cashed the policy, didn't we?" said Father. "Besides, the man has to pay the waiters, and gas and electric too, and the cashier. Then the taxes. And the man is in business to lose

money, you think? This is America, Mother, this isn't Russia."

IT HAD been a long, hard day. By the time we were in the subway train on our way home, my brother was fast asleep on Father's lap.

"Funny . . ." my father said, addressing Mother, "I ought to be glad, we got the check and everything . . . but I feel as if I were twenty years older . . ."

"Of course you are older," said Mother. "That is not funny."

"It's hard to explain," said Father. He now turned to me. "I mean, when I took the policy I couldn't wait until I'd cash it, and now I'm almost sorry that it's all over, all these years gone by and everything, if you know what I mean . . ."

I did *not* know what he meant, and the noise of the train covered most of his words, and I was too dead tired to listen anyhow.



Eminence and Oblivion —

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle. — SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Urn Burial*

A FORGOTTEN RAILROAD SAGA

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IT WOULD be difficult to discover a citation of merit more deserved than the eye-shattering scroll, done in three colors and superlative prose, which the grateful city of New York drew up, approved, and on June 13, 1851 presented to the officers and directors of the New York & Erie Rail Road Company. The citation hailed completion of the longest railroad in the entire United States and termed it, in the same sentence, not only Gigantic and Stupendous, but vowed in capital letters that it was THE WORK OF THE AGE.

Purple as they are, those are not empty words. The men of the Erie deserved them, and deserved, too, better of fate than the stock-jobbers and other vultures who laid obscene hands on the road in later years and wrecked it so savagely that generations were to pass before the Erie could recover and become the excellent and wealthy property it is today. The wrecking of the Erie is a well known and much worn story but its construction, a hundred and more years ago, is an American saga that has been buried in old records and obscure, long-out-of-print books. Into the construction of those original 500 miles of railroad across New York

went enough genius and stupidity, enough parsimony and prodigality, and enough of heartbreak to have built a railroad to the Pacific Coast, and return.

It was a long way from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, both in miles and, as it turned out, in time. In all, eighteen years passed before the Erie had finished its line. Presidents of the railroad and of the United States came and went. The old men of the Revolution died off. The Mexican war was fought. California and the Oregon country and Texas joined the Union. Canals were dug and abandoned. Slavery came down out of the abstract and became an Issue. And still the roadbed of the Erie made its melancholy way, sometimes on the ground, again on piles, while Erie water-boys became foremen, then superintendents, and married, had children, and put their own sons to lugging water for the Erie. The Erie was, as the handsome scroll said, The Work of the Age, and it took an age to build it.

What became the Erie Railroad had its inception in the remarkable mind of William C. Redfield, a Yankee harness maker who also was the first president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In

1829 Redfield wrote and published a pamphlet in which he proposed and outlined a route to connect canals and navigable waters of New York with the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River. With his pamphlet Redfield published a map on which he traced a route for the proposed railroad which turned out to be almost exactly the line on which the Erie's rails were laid. The road was to run through the southern tier of counties of New York and thus do for them, perhaps, what the already successful Erie Canal was doing for the northern counties.

The pamphlet set up a running fire of interest between the Hudson and Lake Erie, and two years later a number of conventions were held and attended by those who had caught the prevalent railroad fever, among them Henry L. Pierson, well-to-do merchant of Ramapo, and his son-in-law, Eleazar Lord. Out of the many meetings came in 1833 a charter for the New York & Erie Rail Road Company, into which the state of New York put \$3,000,000 as a loan, and whose officers set out to raise another million dollars in stock subscription. Only 5 per cent of the private capital had been paid into the company when construction was begun near Deposit.

II

In those days no railroad could be born without many amenities, and the Erie's were observed with bands, liquor, and full oratory weighted with

references to Destiny. But Destiny was preparing a dreadful blow. Within five weeks of the sod-breaking ceremony, there broke out in New York City the most disastrous fire that town had known, and many of the Erie's heaviest subscribers were ruined. Their stocks remained unpaid for. On top of the fire came the panic of 1836-37 which drove into bankruptcy many more of the Erie's backers and thus, remarked the Erie's historian, Edward Mott, was "the Company robbed of whatever cheer and brightness they may have had." Work on the road was discontinued.

A year or so later construction was resumed on the strength of a state loan of \$100,000, a provision of which was that work must be started immediately on ten miles of road from Piermont on the Hudson, building west, and on ten miles of road from Dunkirk on Lake Erie, eastward. Pressure was put on still solvent stock subscribers to pay in their subscriptions in full. Erie men went ahead of the pick-and-shovel crews, asking for outright donations of lands for right of way and terminals. Surveys and re-surveys were made, and Hezekiah Seymour, familiarly known as the Oneida Chief, a man of great energy and decided opinions, took over as chief engineer and operating superintendent.

Seymour, with the backing of President Lord, now made two monumental errors. In face of the fact that the many other American railroads then building were laying their rails four

feet eight inches apart, the Erie bosses selected a monstrous six-foot gauge — which many years later became such an anachronism it had to be changed at staggering cost. The other error was in the idea that rails should not be laid on ties on the ground but on piling, in the air. So, eight of what were described as Crane's Patent Pile Driving Machines went ahead with the fantasy and drove logs into the ground for a distance of over 100 miles. Here was tragedy. No train, no locomotive ever ran atop the piling. No rails, even, were laid there. After \$750,000 had been expended on this elevated railroad, work was stopped and Lord and Seymour returned to earth to lay their rails, leaving the piles to remain as dismal monuments until they had rotted, half a century and more afterward.

Elsewhere a little Erie track was being laid on ties. The first train ran from Piermont to Ramapo in June 1841. It got to Goshen in September. There it stopped, for the railroad presently defaulted on its interest payments and placed itself in the hands of assignees. It was, however, extended to Middletown simply because the citizens of that city raised the money and paid for rails to be laid from Goshen. For a long time Middletown was to be the end of the line.

For the next three years the Erie lay silent with the quiet of death. Rust crept along the fine imported rails, the best that could be bought. The miles upon miles of piling began

to whiten and to rot. Elsewhere grass grew high between the ties. Farmers along the line, now holding the bag for the ties, timbers, fruits and vegetables and grains they had supplied the railroad, began to appropriate Erie steel and cars and equipment. The road's property was sold under foreclosure on April 1, 1845. By what great lobbying one could only guess, the legislature was prevailed upon to cancel the \$3,000,000 state loan, and the Company was permitted to issue new stock to that amount. Benjamin Loder was elected president.

Loder was a native of Westchester who had made his pile in the dry-goods business. He made up for his lack of knowledge of railroads by his unquestioned energy and determination, and for the next five years he drove his men with great force through hell, high water, deep snow and many a bloody riot, before the Erie was completed. Under Loder the advance of the rails occasionally faltered, though not often, but never stopped.

III

Coincident with resumption of work on the Erie was the great potato famine in Ireland. The flow to America of Irish from their desolate and unhappy land rose to flood, and the Erie's contractors hired them by the thousand. One great crew was set to work building through the mountainous country around Port Jervis, and here where the rock cliffs rose almost perpendicular from the river, the

pick of the Irish drilling crews were lowered in big baskets and suspended in mid-air while the tarriers drilled like devils, then tamped the powder into the holes, lighted the fuses, and yelled for the boys above to haul quickly before the blasts let go. Lives depended both on the ropes and on quick response; and sometimes the ropes broke, again the windlass was slow, and in either case there was sure to be another wake. . . .

Blasting threw rocks all over the Delaware and Hudson Canal, so the canalers and the Erie's crews fought with clubs, stones, and sometimes with guns and knives. The Erie's Irish were hard to handle, anyway. On Sundays they swarmed through the region appropriating everything they could lug off. They cleaned the orchards of fruits. No potato was safe. The boys took stovewood from woodsheds, stripped clothes lines, broke into stores in search of whiskey, and carried off chickens, calves, even huge hogs. Protests from the farmers to the contractors seem to have had no effect.

At Shin Hollow, just west of Port Jervis, came a small war among the crews which contained opposing factions of Irish — the Far-Downers and the Corkonians — and also a number of Germans. In January of 1847 a gang of Far-Downers formed on the mountain, where they lived in squalid huts, drank right heartily, then staggered in a body on the Corkonian camp in the Hollow. The attack came as a surprise, and before they could rally,

the men of Cork were beaten up, one killed, and the rest took to the woods. Then the Far-Downers set upon the German camp. Here they were met coolly and with such spirit that the Irish had to flee, leaving the Germans and their camp unscathed.

Several more similar raids were climaxed on the dark night of February 3. The Corks of Shin Hollow were fast asleep when the Far-Downers arrived in full strength and began to chop down the posts that supported the long sleeping lofts. Down came the rickety structures and with them the poor Corks, while the bloodthirsty Far-Downers fell upon them like savages, beating them unmercifully and driving them away into the snowy night.

Heady and wild with their success, the Far-Downers turned their attention to the German camp. The Heinies were ready. Captained by an able man named Wisler, they had armed themselves with shotguns. Wisler formed them in line and waited. When the Irish came whooping to the attack, Wisler had his men hold their fire until the enemy was a few yards distant. Then they let them have it. The night blazed, the Irish fled or fell. The Heinies remained in their camp, alert for more trouble.

Next morning came the Deerpark militia company, complete with artillery and full-dress uniforms. The riot act was read, and Captain Swart-out put his soldiers through a few evolutions, then wheeled and set up the field gun. The rioters were im-

pressed. They quieted down, and a number of Far-Downers were put under arrest. This closed the Shin Hollow war, though there were other Irish riots elsewhere along the Erie right of way, one of the worst at Alfred, near Hornellsville, where soldiers had to defend the courthouse. Three men died in this melee.

Then, there were the farmers who swore they did not want Erie tracks across their meadows. They tore up the rails or blockaded them with logs. One farmer dug a wide hole in the ground, lined it with clay, and when it had filled with rain water sold it to the Erie as a never-failing spring and lake, to use as a watering place. Erie paid the rustic \$2500 for the "spring," which evaporated after filling the tank of one locomotive, and never again gave forth water. The Seneca Indians on the Cattaraugus Reservation held up the Erie for \$10,000 for a short right of way across a corner. When the Erie's engineer remarked that the land wanted was of no value, the Seneca chief observed: "It pretty good for railroad." The Erie paid.

Hillbillies near Callicoon, in the wild Pike Pond region, hadn't heard anything at all about the Erie and its railroad until the weird scream of the first locomotive echoed through the back pastures and gullies. Then they took down their rifles and went forth to hunt down this new varmint and kill it. But worse than everything else were the snows, which were unusually heavy during the later years of Erie construction — four feet, five

feet, six feet, they piled atop the tracks, and for a period one winter ten locomotives and 500 men were required full time to keep the line clear.

Two of the greatest engineering feats of the time were performed by Erie engineers, one the Cascade Bridge across a chasm in the Randolph hills west of Deposit, the other the immense Starucca Viaduct, 1200 feet of stone masonry which cost \$320,000, doubtless the most expensive span in America up to that time. President Loder broke his health keeping the rails moving westward and eastward, and the wheels turning and the money coming in, but he never lost heart. He also hired as general superintendent one of the real operating geniuses of the day, a Yankee, formerly of Haverhill, Massachusetts, named Charles Minot.

IV

Superintendent Charles Minot was a large and portly man, genial and direct but of an extremely low boiling point. He usually traveled the line in an old rickety coach which he attached ahead of the locomotive. One of his first big tasks was to prepare for the elaborate ceremony that was to mark completion of the Erie from the Hudson to the Lake, the "Work of the Age," which took place in May of 1851. Millard Fillmore, by the grace of God and the death of Zachary Taylor President of the United States, was nominal head of the ceremonial party, and with him was his Secre-

tary of State, Mr. Webster, and 298 statesmen and political catchpoles of varying degrees of importance. Two trains hauled these colossi out of Piermont, eastern terminus of the Erie, Mr. Webster at his own request seated in a rocking chair (a depraved custom of Yankees) securely fastened to the platform of an open flat car. In his rumbling, sepulchral voice he said he did not intend to miss any of the scenery.

One of the locomotives soon developed trouble, so at Middletown Superintendent Minot did a startling thing: he wired ahead to Port Jervis to have an engine ready with steam up, unquestionably the first time the new magnetic telegraph was used for such a thing. The engine was ready to couple on, and the party marveled at the wonders of magnetic transference of train orders, something Minot was to develop to an art before the year was out. On went the trains to Binghamton where a monstrous crowd greeted the party. President Fillmore spoke briefly, and old Dan'l got up out of his rocking chair long enough to refer to the Erie as "a great work of Art." The evening was spent in celebration so hilarious that three members of the train crew were unable to resume the trip next morning.

Along the line each station was decked for the ceremonial train. Crowds cheered and unfurled banners, "Welcome to the Iron Horse," and "Strangers Yesterday, Neighbors Today." And at Dunkirk, western terminus of the road, the welcome was

truly magnificent. A table 300 feet long stretched down Railroad Avenue and it groaned with barbecued oxen, pork and beans in fifty-gallon containers, bread baked in loaves ten feet long and two feet thick, and a monster of a clam chowder. Mr. Webster, it was noted, partook of the pork and beans, but merely sniffed the chowder, remarking to Attorney General John J. Crittenden that chowder was unfit to eat unless, sir, it contained a generous helping of port wine.

There was a parade, then many dinners and of course speeches. Mr. Webster had to be excused, giving as a reason that he was ill, as indeed he might well have been. An eye-witness found him "haggard and disheveled." But the clamor for him was so great that he made his halting way to a window of the hotel and showed himself, uttering a few words so faint that they could not be heard. Still, they had seen him, and one who was there remarked on Webster's "great black eyes, gleaming out of cavernous depths, under heavy brows dark almost to a frown, but with a droop of the eyelids that gave him a look of inconceivable gloom, and smote upon the senses of the spectators with a weird and wondrous fascination."

When the big celebration was finished, Charles Minot set out to run the Erie as a road ought to be run. He erected poles the entire length of the line and induced Ezra Cornell, then an impecunious dabbler in telegraphy, to string his wires on the Erie poles. Cornell did so, and presently

the New York & Erie Telegraph Company was organized to connect New York City and Dunkirk. (A bit later it became the Western Union.) Minot used these wires to transmit train running orders, even though at first he had great difficulty in getting engineers to operate on orders that had been transmitted over a wire. Once, when an engine driver refused to obey such an order, Minot himself climbed into the cab, opened her wide and drove the locomotive to the next station. Minot, indeed, is justly credited with adapting telegraphy to railroad operation.

Under Minot and his successors the Erie developed a group of able and ingenious innovators. It was some Erie conductor who invented the ticket punch. Billy Skelly was the first train news butcher on the Erie, and likely the first anywhere; and when Horatio Alger, Jr., got around to the subject of train butchers, his hero, rightly enough, was *The Erie Train Boy* — sixty thousand words of immortal prose.

The Erie was the first railroad to have train water-boys, youngsters who passed through the cars with a long-spouted can and two tin cups, a free service to thirsty passengers. An Erie conductor, Pappy Ayres, devised the signal cord that passes from the locomotive cab through the train, one of the great steps in railroad improvement and safety. The Erie appears to have subsidized station eating houses, good ones, at a time when station restaurants were notoriously bad. It built

and operated two sleeping cars many years before either Webster Wagner or George Pullman applied for their patents. The Erie's agent at Chester, New York, Thomas Selleck, thought up the milk train which quickly revolutionized the milk business in New York City. Working with local farmers, Selleck experimented with refrigeration devices to keep milk from souring, and succeeded so well that the Erie milk train grew into big business.

There were several other railroad "firsts" on the Erie, among them she who was probably the first railroad heroine, Mrs. Silas Horton who lived near Owego, New York. On a spring day in 1854, while working about the house, Mrs. Horton noted that an immense tree had blown down across the Erie tracks near a curve. A train was due; even now Mrs. Horton heard it whistle. Grabbing the first thing that came to hand with which to flag the train, the woman dashed out of the house and tore down to the tracks. She flagged it down in time, but with little to spare, and her flag was a pair of her own red woolen undergarments vulgarly called drawers. And it is most pleasant, indeed, to report that the Erie Railroad did the proper thing. On June 20, 1854, from his office in New York, President Homer Ramsdell of the Company wrote Mrs. Horton to thank her for "the noble and humane conduct evinced by you, on an occasion when the lives and safety of the persons traveling on our mail train were

jeopardized by an obstruction on the road." Then, to show that the Erie did things handsomely, good President Ramsdell enclosed a life pass each for Mr. and Mrs. Horton; and, although he made no mention of the specific sort of garment so nobly and humanely used, he added delicately that he was also "sending a dress for Mrs. Horton, and respectfully request your accepting the same."

Out of Mrs. Horton's brave deed must have come the countless stories,

the poems, the songs, the "true" anecdotes about the flagging down of the Fast Mail or the Lightning Express by waving a pair of red flannel drawers, women's, that have long since become a part of our folklore, and which have been coupled with the Maine Central, the Boston & Albany, the Pennsylvania, the Rock Island, and nobody knows what other lines. The Erie event, however, is dated, placed, and named; all others are unquestionably forgeries.



THE SEARCH FOR A MASTER LANGUAGE

BY FALK JOHNSON

Not knowing a word of German, an American in Munich stops a man on the street and tries to ask directions. Neither one of them speaks the language of the other, and yet, amazingly enough, each understands the other fairly well.

More amazing, though, is the fact that an American in many foreign countries — in Germany, France, Italy, Brazil, India, or a half dozen other lands — has somewhat the same experience. Supplementing his speech with exaggerated gestures, he can often make himself understood.

Perhaps he thinks that the gestures get the ideas across, and no doubt they help greatly. But some of the good, straight English words he uses carry a lot of meaning to the foreigner.

That is because the languages of all these countries are in many ways startlingly like English. In all of them are numerous cognate words — words with the same source, the same meaning, nearly the same pronunciation and spelling.

Almost everywhere the American goes abroad, he finds these cognate

words. In Munich “Kommen Sie hier” sounds nearly like “Come here.” In Paris “fini” and “parti” are suggestive of “finished” and “parted.” In Naples “gaio” and “cordiale” remind him of “gay” and “cordial.” Even in Tehran and Delhi he meets words similar to his own.

Why?

These marked resemblances in “foreign” languages couldn’t just happen. There must be some reason, some underlying principle which will account for them.

Scholars have been scientifically investigating the problem for more than a century, and they have an explanation. It is the Indo-European theory of languages, so called because the earliest recorded examples of these languages were discovered in both India and Europe.

Long before the time of these ancient writings found in India and Europe, there was, according to this theory, a master tongue. From this prehistoric parent speech have descended the legions of languages which are dominant today in both the

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Americas, in Australia, in most of Europe, in huge segments of Asia, and in parts of Africa.

English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin, German, Norwegian, Flemish, Greek, Persian, Slavic, Hittite, Tocharian — these are only a few of the many tongues which scholars believe came from Indo-European, the master language.

Look at the evidence.

In the first place, there are the cognates. Hundreds of nearly identical words run through all of these seemingly different languages, tying them together.

“Master” and “Mister” in English, for example, are paralleled by German “Meister,” Latin “magister,” Spanish “maestro,” Italian “maestro,” French “maître,” and Portuguese “mestre.”

Such words — and there are multitudes of them — could not exist in so many different languages just by chance. They have too nearly the same pronunciation and meaning. Obviously mere accident cannot explain them away.

Instead, the experts claim, they constitute a strong proof that all these languages stem from the same parent. Their resemblances are too close to be accounted for in any other way.

From this point the scholars have gone on to inquire about the dissimilar words.

How about the French word for “row” and the German word for “boundlessness” — those preposterous words “vrombissement” and “gren-

zenlosigkeit”? How about the thousands upon thousands of foreign words which, like these two, are sheer gibberish to us? Don’t they, by the very weight of their numbers, demolish the theory?

“No” is the answer of the philologists. There are two chief reasons why some words in brother languages seem foreign to us.

One is that many of these strange words were earlier as common in English as they now are in the alien tongues, but through the centuries they have gradually disappeared from it.

“Methinks” was once a good English word. It is still understood, but hardly any one ever uses it now, and in the future it may vanish as completely as “Heer.”

“Heer” is the current German word for “army.” A thousand years ago it was our own word for “army,” but now it is absolutely incomprehensible to us unless we know Old English or German.

In this way, the philologists are convinced, myriads of English words have gone down the drain of obsolescence and been forgotten. But often their cognates have endured in some other language and now seem strange to us.

Thus have the scholars accounted for many of the unintelligible words in languages different from and yet related to our own.

And there is another explanation, too, for these hordes of dissimilar words in the languages of the Indo-

European complex. It is an explanation which leads into one of the most fascinating and exciting dramas of research.

II

The story begins more than a hundred years ago when a group of brilliant European scholars — Grimm, Rask, Ihre, and others — started comparing languages and seeking scientific reasons for their similarities and dissimilarities.

They became engrossed with such riddles as whether "century" and "hundred," alike in meaning but unlike in pronunciation, could have come from a single parent word.

Grimm and his contemporaries believed, just as modern philologists do, that language is not a fixed thing. Rather it is volatile and always changing. It is fluid, recoiling and adjusting itself to the new languages, people, temperaments, and kinds of living which it meets as history moves men from one area to another.

By reason of sociological and historical pressures, languages change. This is a well established fact.

These pioneering European scholars, however, found that the changes are determined also by the mechanics of utterance; by how the lips, teeth, tongue, and breath are manipulated in speaking. The nature of the physical apparatus for talking makes some changes easy, some difficult, and yet others impossible. An experiment you can make will show this.

First, watching the positions of your mouth, pronounce an *O* sound. Now, still watching carefully the way the mouth works, pronounce a *P* sound. The mouth positions, you observe, are completely different. They are so different, in fact, that you would say that an *O* sound in one language could not possibly become a *P* sound in another. And you would be quite right.

Next try another pair: *T* and *D*. Actually speak their sounds, and you notice that the mouth positions and the vocal quality of the two are almost alike. You conclude that it would be fairly easy for a pronunciation of *T* to shift to *D*.

The philologists drew the same conclusions, but they went on to try all the possible letter shifts in the alphabet, 325 of them. Then they classified the letters, labeling them with such imposing names as *Aspiratae*, *Mediae*, and *Tenuis*. And they made long, neat tabulations of the letters by class and by pair.

All of this meant nothing, they recognized, and was just a pretty little theory based on a lot of paper work unless some of these shifts which they considered theoretically easy to make had actually occurred.

Grimm, the German scholar known to every one for his collections of fairy tales, began looking for these shifts by comparing his own language with Latin.

He knew that *T* to *D* was an easy change and that apparently such a shift had taken place in the word for

"hundred." In Latin it was "centum," in German "hundert."

But if he could really prove his theory, he would have to find many more Latin *T*'s that equaled German *D*'s. He did. He found another in the word for "three": Latin "*tres*" and German "*drei*." Then by the scores and the hundreds he found examples of this *T-D* shift.

This was exciting. And yet it was mystifying, too. How "centum" could be a brother-word to "hundert" was still a puzzle, even with the *T-D* explanation. Spelled "hunuert," the word still did not look like "centum." There were still too many dissimilar letters.

Could the sound of the hard *C* change easily into that of an *H*? Yes, Grimm found, the letter tabulations classified *C-H* as an easy shift. And were there words to prove that this shift had actually taken place?

Again the answer was yes. The Latin word for "dog" was "canis," the German "Hund." The Latin word for "head" was "caput," the German "Haupt." And there were many, many more words to prove that the *C-H* change had taken place.

Now he was really getting somewhere. The German spelling of the basic part of the word became "cunt-," which differed from the Latin stem "cent-" in only one letter.

If he could find other cases in which a Latin *E* sound paralleled the German *U* sound, then this riddle would be solved. Looking through his Latin and German dictionaries,

he found numerous examples of the *E-U* shift, too, and he discovered yet other letter shifts which had occurred.

With the large mass of data which Grimm thus acquired, he could explain now some of the seeming differences between words in Latin and German. With these facts he enabled English-speaking people to account for "hundred" and "century." The first came to us through German, the second through Latin.

English has many word pairs like "hundred" and "century." "Hound" and "canine," "head" and "capital" are but two examples.

The principles of such letter changes are now known as Grimm's Law, and they are as fundamental in philology as the law of supply and demand in economics, the law of gravity in physics.

With this Law, an intricate and technical series of letter equations, Grimm proved that German and Latin, despite their superficial differences, were brother languages. This was a tremendous accomplishment, but it was just a beginning.

He also knew Greek, and he knew Sanskrit, a language recorded in India centuries before Christ. He suspected that these languages were related to German and Latin, and he believed that he could prove this relationship if he could discover the right letter equations.

After a thorough investigation of the problem, he drew up a huge compendium of letter shifts involving all four of these languages. These shifts,

he was gratified to find, followed patterns almost as consistently as a train follows rails.

Not only letter shifts, but also cognate words linked the four tongues. The very important verb "is" occurred in German as "ist," in Latin as "est," in Greek as "esti," and in Sanskrit as "asti."

As a result of this brilliant work, scholars could declare that practically all the words in these four languages were related in one way or another.

They were obvious cognates, like "est" and "esti."

They were cognates like "hundred" and "century" which had been disguised by letter changes such as Grimm discovered.

Or they were words like "Heer," whose cognates had remained in one language but vanished out of others.

By such a classification of words it became clear that the four languages themselves were cognates.

And so are the dozens of languages which have been derived from these Big Four. From Latin alone have come five major ones: Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and more than half of the words in English. Many other subsidiary tongues have come from German, Greek, and Sanskrit.

III

This is the imposing array of languages which Grimm and his contemporaries tied together. But it was only a start.

From the time of Grimm until to-

day, philologists have sought to include more language groups in this Indo-European complex. Using such principles as Grimm's Law, they have found that seven more big language families, each with many subsidiary tongues, are also members of the Indo-European hierarchy.

These seven language families to be added to the four which Grimm discovered are Armenian, Albanian, Iranian, Balto-Slavic, Celtic, Hittite, and Tocharian.

All of them are intricately interwoven with one another by cognates, by patterns of letter changes, and by other similarities. All of them are positive proof that there was once a parent tongue, from which they are derived.

Many were the philologists — excited by the conclusions of Grimm, Rask, and Ihre — who joined in the search for the key language to this maze of languages. To museums, to catalogues of antiquities, and to old ruins they went, seeking some trace of the master tongue.

But they could find nothing. No word of the original Indo-European was written on any stone or papyrus which endured into modern times. No mounds, no tombs, no excavated cities have even yet been positively associated with the Indo-European people.

Nowhere is there a clue to the Indo-Europeans. Nowhere — except in the speech of hundreds of millions of people now living, of billions of descendant peoples now dead.

So scholars decided that there was only one way to recover this lost language: to reconstruct it.

This plan may seem foolish, perhaps even impossible; but it is not. These men had made linguistics almost an exact science. They believed that, just as astronomers could reconstruct the positions of planets thousands of years ago, so could they reconstruct the words of this prehistoric, master language.

More than once, using such scientific principles as Grimm had developed, they put together a word which they felt *must* have existed in early German, though they had no record of it. And later, when a partial translation of the Bible for the Goths was discovered, they looked and found in it the precise word they had made. Their reconstruction was proved.

Thus the linguists believed that they could work with a great deal of confidence in rebuilding this master language, though the task would be a long and tedious one.

Through dozens of tongues they traced words and meanings. They tracked them, almost endlessly, from one language to another, noting the most minute changes, trying to explain them. They went from English to German, from German to Latin, from Latin to Greek, from Greek to Sanskrit, the oldest recorded language in the complex. And then on through yet other languages.

To illustrate: they sought cognates

for the word "brother." In German it is "Bruder," in Dutch "broeder," in Irish "brathair," in Greek "phrātēr," in Latin "frāter," in Old Slavic "bratŭ," and in Sanskrit "bhrātar-."

Then, armed with pages of complicated and highly technical proof, these researchers declared that the original Indo-European word must have been "bhrātar-."

There can be little doubt about this reconstructed word. It fits perfectly with the linguistic laws, with the known histories of the languages and the peoples.

There can be little doubt about the many other words which the philologists have carefully and laboriously reconstructed.

And certainly there can be no doubt that a language such as they have recreated once existed, no doubt that from it have descended legions of languages now used on all the continents of the earth.

Even now we may not know all the members of the Indo-European complex. Egyptian, Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese, the native languages of the Americas and of the Pacific isles are among those still unconnected with the Indo-European.

They may always remain separate and distinct. But the philologists, still seeking to discover unsuspected relationships among languages, continue their work. Some day they may have still more to add to this already elaborate hierarchy of languages.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Atom in Feathers: The Hummingbird

THE energy with which nature equips her creatures is a stupendous thing. The strength of the life-force is titanic. To go outdoors awarely is to see everywhere prodigies of endurance, prodigies of recuperation, prodigies of such a tireless vitality that even after the heroic demands made upon nature's energy by the rigors and labors of existence it is continually still spilling over with the surplus of what we accurately call "animal spirits."

Consider a phoebe in the evening of a June day: the spirited bobbing of the bird's tail, the vigorous aerial lungings and swoopings in pursuit of dusk-flying insects, the brisk calling of the emphatic notes that are a phoebe's distinctive utterance. During the hours since sun-up the phoebe will have made food-hunting flights, and deliveries to the youngsters in the nest, to the number of upwards of a thousand. But there is no visible diminution in the surging energy that makes life for a phoebe a tumult of vitality. Consider a swimming muskrat: stroke after stroke after stroke, thousands of them, millions of them, the brief legs flailing and thrusting, until at last the muskrat is secure on the bank it has sought at the head of

the stream . . . and is ready instantly for a fight or a chase or a mating, without a pause to take breath. Consider a fawn that has miscalculated the leap over a spiky stump, and has had a spear of wood thrust through its entrails. Not many hours hence the fawn will die from loss of blood and interruption of its vital functions. But in the meanwhile, so enormous is the animal's essential health, so shock-strong its nervous system against the occurrence of this kind of expectable disaster, that the fawn browses tranquilly on its accustomed grasses, or even — it is literally true — may engage in a rigmarole of exuberant play with its fellows.

The strength and energy of the natural world are in furious abundance. Where men live a life that is something like animally whole, the huge strength of natural endowment may be observed even among ourselves. We have a glimpse of it when an Indian runs a hundred and twenty-five miles through wilderness between one sundown and the next. We have another kind of glimpse of it when one of Carl Akeley's African bearers, ripped to the bone by a leopard, with an arm dangling broken, dismisses the happening as no more than a natural

accident of the hunt, and falls undismayed to eating his normally large supper. Nature has been made a symbol and argument for all manner of theories and theologies, with varying legitimacy. But of nature in its aboriginal estate, this much is surely unarguable: that it has in it an enormous strength and power. It is full of a tremendous health.

II

Of all examples of the abounding life-force, few are as dramatic as a hummingbird. There is a subtle show of natural power when an acorn, swelling with life in a rock-crevice, expands and expands with relentless potency until it shatters the containing boulder. The hugeness of natural vitality — the careless, tireless spending of an energy almost terrible in abundance — is displayed when a whippoorwill, moved to emit its queer cry in the night, goes on emitting the cry over and over and over again, without pause or weakening of inflection, to the number of four thousand repetitions. (John Burroughs once made that count.) But such manifestations as these show natural power in forms that may be easily overlooked. No one can disregard a hummingbird. A hummingbird, the tiniest of all our birds, a winged being no larger than many moths, shows forth nature's energy in a kind of tiny concentration of fury that makes it peculiarly impressive. There is a good deal of vulgar nonsense in many currently popu-

lar employments of "atomic" similes. A hummingbird, however, may accurately enough be called a feathered atom. Among birds, it approaches the irreducible minimum in size. A smaller bird could scarcely exist on the terms of bird-anatomy and bird-physiology. A hummingbird is a speck, a jot, a particle. In the life of this minimal feathered creature there is perpetually the suggestion of that same incredible central potency — that same energy partaking of Infinite Energy itself — that characterizes those atomic particles that have engaged the physicists.

Hummingbirds are found solely in this hemisphere. There are some five hundred kinds of them, most abundant in the hot life-teeming areas near the equator. Only one of them is found in our eastern United States. It is the ruby-throated hummingbird. It is a bird considerably littler than a man's thumb. Its colors are . . . well, who shall say? To say that the male has a red throat, and that the tiny bodies of both sexes are shaded with metallic blues and grays and off-whites, is to give elements of a museum-description but to say less than nothing of what the living bird is like. A hummingbird, vibrant with life, is as many colors as a faceted diamond turned in the light. All woods-greens are in its green feathers, but heightened to an intensity as of green fire. The glittering red of the throat passes beyond being merely color: it becomes flame, it becomes a caught fragment of the sun, it becomes the quiver of pure energy. A

hummingbird's slim sharp beak is described, traditionally, as like a needle. It is a hopelessly feeble way of putting it. That slender jet of stiletto, fashioned for flickering in and out of flowers, is a thin stab of frozen motion. And all this quality of the hummingbird — this quality of immateriality and glitter and shimmering, that so defies a plodding cataloguing — all this is the way a hummingbird seems when it is seen in one of its moments of arrest. Perching tinily on a flowering spray, preening its iridescent feathers, it has this look of a focused pinpoint of the blazingness of being. But a hummingbird is rarely seen as even to this degree a solid and reposing thing. It is commonly seen in flight. Seen so, it loses almost the last kinship with things inertly material. It becomes altogether energy. It becomes all speed and strength, all gathered as one flaring explosion of vitality.

The wings of a hummingbird beat so fast that they are not discernible to the human eye as wings. They can be seen only as a whirring blur: a nimbus around the central speck of animation. When a hummingbird passes in flight near a man, its transit makes a high, thin, buzzing whine like the sound of a bullet from a rifle. Furious, zigzagging, darting, cutting the air in wild loops and whorls, the hummingbird rushes from flower to flower. It can hover motionless before a blossom, while, by means of a strong muscular arrangement in connection with the hyoid bone, it

thrusts out far beyond the tip of its bill, and so fast as to be invisible, a flickering tubular tongue that probes the depths of the flower. The flower's depths probed, the hummingbird can fly backwards to withdraw from it. The strength and agility of the beating wings is such, indeed, that the hummingbird's activity seems hardly flight at all. It seems some other kind of motion . . . something more like the rushing motions and magnetisms in the tireless and inanimate world of chemicals, or the physicists' world of waves and rays. As the hummingbird whirrs, nearly faster than the eye can follow, from flower to flower, it is not feeding solely on the nectars. Its burning life-force needs a more intensive fueling. The hummingbird is engaged in a tremendous intake of tiny spiders, gnats, and all manner of small insects.

A hummingbird's nest is no larger than a walnut. The two white eggs are no bigger than many kinds of seeds. In the nesting time, as in all else about the hummingbird's life, there is the same suggestion of a combination of a fragile tininess so delicate as almost to be outside materiality, and a furious strength and energy that are basically as powerful as what moves a wolf. The nest is a faery little cup of plant-downs and bits of papery-thin lichens and wisps of gossamer. To the edge of it the mother hummingbird comes tirelessly a hundred or a thousand times a day, and, perching there, a miracle of shimmering tininess and delicate insubstantiality,

thrusts her needle of beak with darting, stabbing motions into the mouths of her bee-small babies and regurgitates into them a concentrated mixture of predigested insect-meat.

The courting ritual of hummingbirds is a stunning exhibition. The male performs an aerial dance. It consists in describing in the air, before the watching female, the shape of a U-shaped arc. Up goes the glittering body in the air, poises an instant, zooms downward in a sweeping curve, and then goes up, up, up again in completion of the other side of the U. The hummingbird swings in the air like a pendulum. One performance

of the flight would be an astonishing display of aerial strength. The male hummingbird, a jolt of blazing color and blazing desire, may perform it fifteen or twenty times without a halt. He varies it with improvisations: darting at the female as straight and fast as a bullet, braking abruptly when he is almost upon her, hovering just in front of her like an invisibly suspended jewel; or suddenly broadening or narrowing the arc of his pendulum-swing; or abruptly shooting straight upward fifty feet into the sky and plummeting back to catch himself in mid-air just beside where she perches and to hover there, flam-



Hummingbird

Frank Utpatel

ing and glittering. When it is over, he rushes to the female and takes her by capture. Hummingbirds do not sing; but they can emit a kind of high, thin chittering. When the male performs his courtship-dance, an observer can often hear the crescendo of his sound: an intense trilling like the tense, taut sound of a stretched wire.

It might be supposed that the furious energies expended in courtship, nesting, and exploring hundreds and thousands of flowers at express speed, would surely leave a hummingbird no reserve of vitality. The ruby-throat's throbbing energy is in fact not a whit lessened by these activities. There is still an endless ebullience for chasing every bumblebee that makes an appearance. There is a fury that goads the hummingbird to frenziedly attacking all sorts of birds bigger than itself: crows, hawks, even eagles. The hummingbird looses itself at them like a hurled missile. It is as lacking in fear as in fatigue. There remains, after all this, a still-bursting vitality that moves hummingbirds to engage in furiously antical acrobatics, part dance and part shower-bath, whenever there is dew on the leaves; and to go rush-

ing and whizzing among bright flowers like salvia and tiger-lilies in a kind of intoxicated enthusiasm (as it seems) as much over their strong colors as over any presence of food in them; and to perform at any hour a variety of aerial swoopings and side-slidings and sustained hoverings that have no motive but the expression of still a little more of a life-fullness almost intolerable.

It seems hardly possible that after a summer of such perpetually blazing aliveness, such a racing of its infinitesimal engine, a hummingbird can have the residuum of unspent power necessary to make a long migration. But when October comes, the hummingbird whirrs away toward the south. It seeks the heat of tropical winter. Reaching the southernmost United States, it rarely halts there. Instead, it launches into a final performance that is its most stupendous display of energy. Tiny as a gleaming bee, it buzzes confidently out over the Gulf of Mexico. It will be unable to have an instant's rest or to take food until its destination is reached. The destination is Central America or Yucatan, 500 nonstop flying miles away.



ABOVE all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. — HENRY DAVID THOREAU: *Essays*

ARMIES CAN'T BE DEMOCRATIC

BY BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

THERE's a basic, elementary test for any proposal that the Army be reformed: will the change increase fighting efficiency?

An army is for fighting — that alone and nothing more. All Army policy, from the curriculum at West Point to the purchase of GI shoe strings, should contribute to performance on the battlefield.

This simple point, in the current flurry of criticism of the Army, has been almost entirely neglected. A number of reforms have been suggested and backed up by all sorts of arguments — except the only one that cuts any ice.

Since the debate has been heavily one-sided, it can be assumed that public opinion is by now solidly "sold" on the idea that there should be less disparity between officers and enlisted men — that the "caste system" should be abolished. Dozens of soldier-writers, war correspondents, and even a retired general have espoused the cause in print. It has been the subject of radio forums, newspaper editorials and endless dinner-table conversation. Surely, by this time, everybody

knows about this colonel or that major who drank champagne out of his private icebox while his men thirsted for brackish water, or who sat Prussian-like in a reserved front seat at the Bob Hope show.

This chorus of criticism has led to official action, and the official action, in turn, has lent weight to the beefing. The Secretary of War, presumably because he felt there was merit in the complaints (or because he has a good public relations sense), appointed a commission of ex-soldiers to study the question and recommend changes. The report of this commission has been made, and action is promised. The newspapers have already announced that distinctive uniforms for officers — a frequently mentioned sore-spot — will be outlawed as soon as present regalia has had time to wear out.

But should the Army try to be popular? Is a good army an army that its soldiers like? Is our goal easy recruiting or the highest conceivable fighting potential?

Most of the caste system criticisms that have appeared in print follow a

BRUCE BLIVEN, JR., a free-lance magazine writer, entered the Army as a private and emerged three and a half years later as a captain. He has two Bronze Stars and an assault arrowhead. Before the war he wrote editorials for the New York Post.

pattern. They enumerate glaring examples of abuse of officer privileges, which aren't hard to find; any soldier, regardless of rank, can talk to you all night about the juicy ones he has encountered. Then the critic cites the lagging statistics on reenlistment, quotes from "B-Bag," the letters-to-the-editor column in *Stars and Stripes*, or mentions one or two soldier-opinion polls on "What do you most dislike about the Army?", and drops the subject right there. That's all the argument there is. The caste system must go, you are left to infer, because it is unfair, or undemocratic, or unpopular.

Such criticism proves, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the private's life is a dreary one; that it isn't fun to be stuck on the bottom of the Army deck of cards.

But who ever suggested that the Army should try to be fair, or democratic, or fun? All the Army wants (and all the country wants of the Army) is to be able to win battles. Fun and fairness, unless they help win, are charming but irrelevant.

So for just a moment, let's forget how selfish it was for the colonel to reserve the best seat in the theatre, and try to figure out why every army in the world carefully maintains rigid distinctions not only between officers and enlisted men but between ranks among both officers and enlisted men.

The answer to that is the answer to nearly all the complaints that are being heard. With rank goes privilege, and with privilege goes great

temptation towards its abuse. It's abuses of privileges, particularly by officers, that have caused all the shouting and the protest.

I feel that I am in a position to talk about the subject because I've served in the Army as both an enlisted man and an officer, and especially because I spent all of my three and one-half years, except for a few months at various Army schools, in line infantry divisions, where the views of relations between the commanders and the commanded is clear and unhindered. I was with the Twenty-ninth Infantry Division from Omaha Beach to the Elbe River, and that's important too, because some of the aspects of this rank question which seem baffling in training and in garrison straighten themselves out on the battlefield.

II

Let me, then, explain why the caste system exists. Our Army, any army, must organize on the assumption that it is going to fight, a premise which will remain valid until superstratosphere-jet-propelled-guided atom bombs have, positively, rendered all ground forces obsolete. Most soldiers never get within sight of the enemy, it's true, and many units spend the war fighting extraordinarily unmilitary battles. Nevertheless in organization and custom as well as in the established relations among its members the Army must be guided by the requirements of fighting because fighting is its primary business.

On the battlefield the great problem, in concrete terms, is to move the leading platoon forward. The whole mechanism of the Army, all its specialized services, all its headquarters, all the work of planning and supply, is directed towards this simple problem: to move an ordinary rifle platoon, commanded by an ordinary lieutenant, down the road a few hundred yards in the face of enemy fire. The lieutenant doesn't look forward to his job with any great relish. Neither do his men. Neither would any sensible person. The chief difficulty, the hardest conundrum an army has to solve, is moving the platoon on down the road, or across the beach, or onto the next little piece of high ground.

If we had several hundred thousand great lieutenants capable of commanding by the power of their personal leadership alone, or if we had several million riflemen inspired with a will to die, if necessary, at their lieutenant's suggestion, the problem would be quite simple of solution.

Since we have neither except in extremely small numbers, the Army has to resort to the expedients of discipline, fear and semi-automatic response, those old-fashioned, undemocratic devices armies have always employed. It erects a chain of command and preaches instant, unquestioning obedience to orders from above. It assigns rank to the men who form the links in the chain, and with rank goes power and privilege. To minimize confusion it insists on sharp distinc-

tions between those who give and those who receive orders, and keeps the two groups separate, largely on the theory that lack of familiarity breeds respect. It does all this in the hope that when the lieutenant (responding out of habit to his captain's order) tells the platoon sergeant to have the two lead scouts move on out, the lead scouts will promptly get up and move despite the immediate jeopardy to their constitutional rights, their sense of dignity and their very lives.

When the system works an outfit is said to have good discipline. Our Army, by and large, had no better than fair discipline this last time out. Officers and non-commissioned officers were too deeply imbued with democratic spirit to conform easily with the rules of the caste system game. They found it hard to play along with the fiction that their rank or grade set them apart. They valued personal popularity more than efficiency in their commands. On the battlefield these attitudes, desirable and admirable in civilian life, were a definite and often costly handicap. With better discipline, for example, the men who sought cover, despite their orders, in the water and behind the anti-landing obstacles on Omaha Beach on D-day might still be alive.

Because of our fair-to-middling discipline a major advertising campaign was required to fight trench foot in the ETO during the winter of 1944-45 when it should have been enough to issue orders through normal

channels. The cure for trench foot was prevention in the form of dry socks. The Army had plenty of dry socks. It lacked junior officers and non-commissioned officers who could insist that the few men in their outfits change from wet to dry socks, so an elaborate theatre-wide drive had to be initiated. Socks were served like beans in the chow-lines, socks were inspected daily, inter-company competitions were staged on the basis of trench-foot reports, all to the accompaniment of a publicity campaign on posters, in *Stars and Stripes* and on the American Forces Network.

Poor discipline was responsible for the annihilation of K Company in one of our regiments. It happened just north of Aachen in the billiard-table terrain close inside the German border, where every village acted as strong-point and fire-support for its neighbor towns in the skillfully planned German defense. After bitter fighting all day long, K Company finally banged its way into the shattered remnants of the tiny town that was its objective, just about the time the October sun was setting. Despite fatigue and hunger and heavy casualties, the next thing to do, as every man in the hundred-odd had been trained to know, was to establish proper local security, an all-around guard system to insure against a surprise German effort to get the village back. But somewhere down the chain of responsibility someone must have decided to hell with the local security. The Company com-

mander must have neglected to check. Early the next morning battalion headquarters discovered that K Company, surprised in the night, had been completely wiped out, all its members taken prisoner, wounded or dead.

A few special units, like Carlson's Marine Raiders, have fought brilliantly without depending upon the standard formulas for discipline. Usually they have had an extraordinary commander able to get obedience by inspiration, by bona fide leadership, and who could therefore afford the luxury of abolishing the marks of caste and gain advantage, creating a sense of specialness and fostering exceptionally high morale. Discipline based on unorthodoxy can far out-reach the normal, humdrum brand.

Unorthodox methods are possible only against a background of orthodoxy. Leaders like Col. Carlson are scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth and highly perishable. Unfortunately the Army must assume that most commanders will possess just standard ability and will need all possible aid in maintaining control of their units. Hot outfits, furthermore, don't last long. When casualties have cut down the original personnel or when, for any other reason, the initial, inspired *esprit de corps* is shattered, they are likely to crack up suddenly and completely. The Army must plan in terms of interchangeable personnel to insure that its work-horse units will remain effective as fighting organizations through long campaigns.

For the majority of combat troops

the way to battle efficiency is the grubby, distasteful routine of endless practice in weapons and techniques and drill in the doctrine that officers are, by definition, infallible beings whose orders make good sense — a necessary falsehood in battle where uncertainty makes opportunity for the enemy and where hesitation can be the beginning of panic; a falsehood which needs bolstering by symbol and ritual, by artificial barriers erected between men, by underscoring and exaggerating the hierarchy of army society, by punishing those who fail to conform with the ceremony.

III

The only justification for the method is proven success; no modern-size army has been able to function on any other basis. Soviet Russia tried to “democratize” her army but hastily dropped the experiment after disastrous experience in Finland in 1940. The caste system may offend our principles. It is certainly offensive to all but a tiny minority of those Americans who have had to live by its tenets. It does, however, help that average lieutenant in moving his average platoon on down the road.

Several of the critics have gone wildly wrong on the idea that Army caste breaks down or is abandoned at the front. Mr. Robert Neville in *Life*, for example, after listing an impressive series of discriminations against enlisted men in such matters as hotel accommodations, nightclubs,

bars, bathing beaches and dancing partners, went on to say that “the caste system is abolished at the front in favor of teamwork.”

Mr. Neville, I’m afraid, is deceived by trivia. He means that at the front officers and enlisted men ate C-rations together, wore identical uniforms and slept in the same foxholes.

The fact is that at the front the caste system is most rigidly enforced — in every respect except the minor details. At the front the lines of authority are most clearly drawn, as they must be, because death is immediately involved. The gulf between the man who gives the order and the man who receives it becomes wider than ever, even though both men may sleep on the same wet ground. There is no doubt about which man is the major in command, although the major may have temporarily shed his gold leaves.

The captain, who eats his C-rations with his company, does so because there isn’t an alternative. He is far more isolated and alone, even in their midst, than he ever was at the officer’s mess in garrison. He knows that nobody in the company will be more optimistic than he appears to be; that any uncertainty in his behavior will be passed on and magnified. He is, normally, both pessimistic and uncertain and, while he might like very much to tell his company all about it, he knows that a sudden lapse into comradely talkativeness would quickly destroy his power to command.

Similarly, all up and down the

chain of command, battle intensifies the caste structure; the hierarchy of authority is more distinct. And, as soon as the outfit is pulled out of the line, its officers will re-establish all the paraphernalia of rank because, within the contrived situation, they make sense.

It is easy to see how the system, by awarding power and privilege, creates an atmosphere in which abuses of power and privilege are not unusual. Almost all the horrible examples of officer misbehavior, which the critics cite, are in the abuse category. They grow out of policies, however, which the Army not only endorses but fosters. All the incidents involving "off limits for enlisted men" restrictions are logical extensions of the approved idea that whenever possible, officers and enlisted men should live and relax apart. The stories about officers living in captured mansions or having fabulous clubs differ only in degree from the sensible doctrine that the most desirable house on any Army post automatically goes to the commanding general.

It is unreasonable to expect officers not to abuse privilege when they live by an artificial system in which no man can define on logical grounds just where the bounds of good taste lie. Ideally all officers would be superior beings who would invariably conduct themselves with discretion and dignity. Practically, this quality is just about as rare as the gift for genuine leadership.

In choosing a commander, more-

over, the Army can't afford to put a sense of *noblesse oblige* at the top of the list of desirable characteristics. If ability to get things done coincides with a keen appreciation of what conduct becomes an officer, well and good. But if it does not . . .

I recall a case in point, a battalion commander who had been promoted with startling rapidity on the battlefield (after a sluggish pre-combat career) because, in progressively difficult command assignments, he had an unblemished record of success. His men did what he ordered.

He was incredibly young and unduly impressed by his new oak leaves, a swaggering confident fellow, with great and infectious enthusiasm. During a lull in the fighting the major, pleased with himself and his outfit's record, and straining to discover some adequate means of parading his new rank, ordered his men to steal a couple of German horses for his personal use. On top of that he ordered that a detail of men be picked to take care of his small, private livery — perfect raw material for another case in the dossier on officer misconduct: "GIs Clean Stables While Major Rides."

Now the Army might outlaw the procurement and maintenance of private stables and direct that all stolen horses be made available to men and officers on some equitable basis. But the Army could not have kept this particular major from finding some way to swagger in victory and to display his authority. If his horses had been denied him, he would

have invented another device. Nor could the Army afford to relieve him; as a commander he was too valuable. The major's superiors said nothing about the incident because the major's battalion, given an objective, could be expected to seize and hold it.

Not all the innumerable anecdotes of this sort can be explained away so simply, because many of the officers guilty of the worst extravagances were, in addition to their other sins, incompetent soldiers. Incompetence, however, was not restricted to Army officers. I rather doubt that there was more ineptitude among them than among non-commissioned officers, or privates, or war workers or growers of victory gardens. The incompetence of the major, to be sure, is conspicuous because, by caste system definition, majors are infallible. Yet the miracle was not that the War Department commissioned a number of misfits but that, under compulsion to draw half a million new officers out of thin air, it found so many good ones. Incidentally, 531,000, or 66 per cent of the total of 800,000 men, not counting chaplains and medical officers, who saw commissioned service came from the ranks of enlisted men, a crushing refutation to the idea that the barrier between officers and men was beyond hurdling.

Let me sum up the dilemma: We can't abolish discipline in our Army, because undisciplined troops don't win battles. So far nobody has devised a way to achieve discipline except by the caste system of authority, a

hierarchy of rank in which each grade is practised in obeying orders from above and expecting obedience from below. And this system, by its nature, invites abuse by giving men more power than most men can handle.

Emotional indictment of all distinctions of rank will cure none of the Army's troubles. The flurry of critics deserve no support when they tilt against the abuses inherent in the system, but have no alternative scheme to propose. That kind of criticism is closely akin to traditional Army griping; complaints about the unavoidable unpleasantness of being a soldier must be ignored (and are), because mud, unpalatable food, hard work, and danger are inevitable results of the mistake of getting into war.

The sudden fashion for berating the Army is understandable. Soldiers do save up mental notes — just as the legend has it — for postwar memoirs which will devastatingly describe the sadistic lieutenant who assigned them extra kitchen police. Soldier-writers, moreover, are particularly sensitive to the whips and scorns of the caste system; they hurt because their civilian skills and reputations are not much wanted or respected in the Army scheme of things. They chafe at the fact that, on Army publications, they must take orders from some silly officer who has never seen the inside of a newspaper office, and in hot indignation loudly champion the cause of the underprivileged private against the plutocratic brass hat — as

if mild incitement to rebellion were any assistance in moving that platoon on down the road. And when they get discharged, they blow off steam by letting the Army have it right between the eyes.

The Army, looking dismally ahead towards lean years of public apathy and skimpy appropriations, can't afford to ignore what seems to be a real expression of popular protest. Yet neither can the Army reform in any but superficial respects.

The Army can improve its methods. There is, and doubtless there will always be, room for improvement in the Army system for everything from classifying recruits to tending graves. The courts-martial manual, in particular, needs to be entirely revised and re-written. The Inspector General's Department could well be remade into an instrument of practical value. The problem of how to dispose of incompetent officers needs re-examination; too often the field

expedient seemed to be transfer toward the rear and promotion by a notch or two. Some inequities in pay, especially the failure to allow discharged enlisted men reimbursement for the furloughs they didn't get, should be wiped off the books.

Improvements along such secondary lines can and should be made. And, in addition, the Army can outlaw some of the more obvious and most odious symbols of the caste system, like the differences in uniform. It can frown heavily upon extravagant officers' clubs (or, alternatively, stress greater extravagance in enlisted men's clubs); it can order all officers to tread with caution in the exercise of their privileges.

The Army cannot, however, abolish the caste system proper. It knows no other way of managing soldiers on the battlefield, and the critics of the system, if they have a substitute to propose, are keeping it extraordinarily quiet.



Diplomacy of the Aggressor —

A wolf was lapping from a running brook when he spied a stray lamb paddling a little way down the stream. "Scoundrel!" he said, moving down to her, "how dare you muddy the water I am drinking?" "How can I do that?" the lamb asked humbly. "It runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Never mind that," snapped the wolf. "Only a year ago you slandered me with evil names behind my back." The lamb began to tremble. "Indeed, sir, a year ago I was not even born." "Well, then," the wolf said, "if it wasn't you, it was your father, and that's the same thing — don't think you're going to argue me out of my dinner" — and with that he leaped upon the lamb, and tore her to bits.

— Aesop's *Fables*

NEED WE FEAR TROPICAL DISEASES?

BY REAR ADMIRAL LUCIUS W. JOHNSON

MANY people fear that troops returning from tropical lands will bring with them terrible diseases hitherto unknown in the United States — diseases which may then establish themselves here. In numerous households such names as yaws, gangosa, leprosy, cholera, filariasis and elephantiasis have become words of horror. This fear is shown in countless letters, still being received by government bureaus, which ask repeatedly these questions: Can those terrible diseases be fenced out? What does the future hold for the men who became infected with them? Do the responsible authorities realize the danger? What are they doing to protect us?

Here are some reassuring answers, based on public health work in hot countries over many years, two of them spent in the Pacific area during the late war.

A large part of the public anxiety is based on misinformation and exaggeration. It is a very human trait for

those visiting foreign lands to enjoy telling astounding stories to a credulous audience, and travelers since the time of Ulysses have not hesitated to ornament truth with flowers of imagination. Anyone who has had the duty of censoring mail knows how numerous were the fantastic exaggerations that had to be deleted from letters home. No effective means of censorship has yet been found to stop the spreading of such tales by word of mouth.

I encountered an example of this kind of rumor-spreading one moonlight night as I sat on a wrecked Japanese plane beside the airstrip on Tarawa. A young aviator waited with me for transportation, homeward bound to join a new carrier. He was full of startling stories to take home to his folks. Here is one that he told me:

"Hundreds of our service men and women in the South Pacific have contracted leprosy from the natives. Huge leper colonies are being built for

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them and they will never be allowed to come home."

This story was entirely false, as I tried to explain to him. Our people hadn't been there long enough to get leprosy, and if any cases had developed, I would have been among the first to be notified. But this was one of his best, and he was determined not to let it be spoiled by facts.

The danger that new and dangerous diseases might be carried back into the United States by returning service men and women was recognized early in the war, and at once physicians of the Navy, Army and Public Health Service cooperated in taking steps to repel such invaders. This was one of the most successful campaigns of the war, one which will be soonest forgotten by its greatest beneficiaries.

A notable team in this campaign was that headed by Captain J. J. Saperro and Commander F. A. Butler of the Naval Medical Corps. Wherever one went in the Pacific combat area some member of this team would be encountered at work. Nominally their job was malaria prevention; actually they directed sanitation-control activities, the key to fighting tropical diseases.

Captain Saperro and Commander Butler have recently published in the *Southern Medical Journal* their estimate of the danger of newly imported diseases, and their conclusions read like this: Up to the present there has been no appreciable evidence of new diseases in the United States. Malaria, dengue, typhus, schistosomiasis, chol-

era, plague, relapsing fever and amebiasis, which we once looked on as tropical maladies, have appeared in this country in the past but have not been able to establish themselves sufficiently to become a serious problem. It has been impossible for filariasis to spread to the civilian population. They conclude: "There is no cause for alarm regarding postwar morbidity from tropical diseases in the civilian population."

II

Some of the most disturbing stories one heard about the effects of tropical disease on our troops were nevertheless true. Dengue, malaria, infectious jaundice and filariasis prevailed to such an extent as to cause serious apprehension.

Filariasis gave us a most unpleasant surprise in the southwest Pacific. Doctors had always regarded it as a disease limited to the native population, and that was true before World War II. In those days foreign residents lived in compounds well separated from the Polynesian villages, and they actively combatted mosquitoes, thus protecting themselves from infection. When war came, the native clearings assumed great value as locations for guns, searchlights and other military installations, and the soldiers who manned them were quartered in close contact with the natives, night and day. Before many months had passed, a number of our men began to show evidences of the disease.

Filariasis is a chronic ailment, caused by minute worms which are carried to man by several varieties of mosquitoes. These worms travel through the blood and lymph vessels to several parts of the body, where they cause inflammation and swelling. In the course of years it may go on to grotesque enlargement of the limbs or genitalia, a condition aptly named elephantiasis. When the men realized that they had contracted the disease, and saw about them people marked with its horrible deformities, they were stricken with panic. The panic quickly spread to their relatives.

The harrowing story of this outbreak was told by Haight Thompson in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for April 1945, and it is pleasant to be able to add a happy ending to her tale. All the men who acquired filariasis were assembled at a camp in Oregon for study and treatment. A brilliant young teacher and scientist, Captain Lowell T. Coggsell of the Navy's Medical Corps, was put in charge. He was able to demonstrate to his patients and to the medical world that constant reinfection is necessary to keep the disease going. In a cool climate, away from infected natives and mosquitoes, the disease soon disappeared, without leaving any residual impotence, sterility or deformity.

Yaws is usually the first disease to shock the visitor to a tropical country. Barefooted children playing in the street have its ulcers on their arms and legs. Infants sitting astride their mothers' hips have rings of deep ulceration

around their mouths and noses. Adults have sunken noses, empty eye sockets or lips eaten away by yaws.

Many competent observers regard yaws as a form of syphilis, modified by a hot climate. Whether this be true or not, there are many points of resemblance between the two diseases. The organisms which cause them are the same in microscopic appearance, both are diagnosed by the same blood tests and both yield to treatment with arsenical drugs and penicillin.

During the years that Guam was under American control, before the Japanese invasion, we fought a continuous campaign against yaws. It was necessary to search every native home, for some regarded it as a disease of shame. Children who contracted yaws were sometimes confined by their families in the darkest corner of the hut and kept there for months or even years, while the disease continued its ravages unchecked. The campaign was so successful that in later years new cases were extremely rare.

Vigorous action has been taken against yaws in all the islands of the Pacific which came under American control during the late war, and the disease should soon be but an unpleasant memory there. Yaws is not highly contagious, and when acquired can be quickly cured. Incidentally, it was quite common among the blacks who were brought to America during the slave-running days, but it gradually disappeared.

Gangosa sometimes develops when yaws has gone untreated for many

years. Then hideous mutilations follow destruction of the facial bones and soft tissues. When we took over Guam from the Spaniards in 1898 there were some frightful specimens of gangosa, but with adequate treatment of yaws no more cases of gangosa developed and the old ones have died off.

Leprosy is a word of tragic import to the people of civilized lands. As a matter of fact, it is one of the least contagious of the communicable diseases, and there are authorities who believe that infection practically never occurs after the age of three. Immediate removal of the newborn infant from the leprous mother is the usual practice in leprosaria, and the fact that such children remain free from the disease is evidence that it is not hereditary. Studies made in the Philippine Islands show the highest rate of infections occurring when the children occupy the same beds with lepers, a lower rate when they merely share the same room, and a still lower one when they simply live in the same house.

Leprosy is a baffling disease because the bacillus, known as *Mycobacterium leprae*, which is so abundantly present in the sores, has never been cultured outside the body. Efforts to reproduce leprosy in man or animals by inoculation have been unsuccessful. Some scientists believe it is caused by a virus which is too small to be seen through the ordinary microscope, and that the lepra bacillus is only a secondary invader.

We often forget that leprosy has long existed in the United States, where it was brought by immigrants from other lands. An occasional case appears in some of our island possessions but here, as everywhere, it tends to disappear as the gospel of good sanitation spreads. It could be treated in the open wards of general hospitals with no danger to other patients, but the attitude of the public makes this inadvisable. As a move to allay this fear, clinicians now avoid the term leprosy, and call it Hansen's disease, using the name of the scientist who identified the bacillus which he believed to be the cause.

III

When it appeared that we would have to fight the Japanese on the Asiatic mainland, terrifying stories were spread about the diseases our troops would face when they landed in China. They were amply justified. In the lowlands along the coast, from the Yangtse to Canton in the south, there are villages where every person dies before his fortieth year. Dysentery kills many of the infants; those who survive it are afflicted with a virulent type of malaria; the lucky ones who reach adult age suffer from chronic diseases, known as kala-azar and schistosomiasis, which cause great swelling of the liver and the spleen, and eventually death. The enlarged organs are so conspicuous that those men of our Navy who saw the effects of these diseases sang as their theme song:

"Liver, Stay Away From My Door."

It was estimated that two years of fighting in China would be necessary to defeat the enemy, and some of the best landing places were in this unhealthful region. The Americans would have to wade ashore in water teeming with the parasites of schistosomiasis. Then they would fight through country swarming with malarial mosquitoes and the biting flies which can carry kala-azar. It would be another campaign in which disease would be an enemy greater than the Japanese.

Fortunately, it never became necessary to use the elaborate devices planned to protect the men under combat conditions. Safeguards for those who must remain there as a part of the occupation are quite simply arranged. There is no reason to fear the importation of these diseases into the United States, for the insects which carry them and the unsanitary conditions which favor them are not common here.

As it happened, fungous diseases caused more disability among American forces in the Pacific than diseases which were more widely feared. "The crud" and "jungle foot" and a host of other, unprintable, names were applied to them, but they were similar to the scales and blisters of the feet and groins which are so common here at home.

It is interesting to note that these afflictions were little known in the United States before our soldiers of the Spanish-American War brought

them home from Cuba and the Philippine Islands under the names of "spig itch" and "dhobie itch." It has been estimated that the amount spent yearly in the United States for treatment of the fungous skin diseases exceeds the fifty million dollars which Congress appropriated to fight that war.

A group of serious maladies encountered by our troops in several parts of the world were the rickettsial diseases, named for Dr. Howard Ricketts who lost his life from infection while studying them. Here at home we have two of this group, the murine type of typhus in the South, and Rocky Mountain spotted fever, which has been found in more than forty of the states. Outbreaks of epidemic typhus fever in the Mediterranean area, and of bush typhus or tsutsugamushi fever in New Guinea and other Pacific islands were a serious threat to Allied military success. Fortunately we were armed with new and potent insecticides with which to kill the tiny bloodsucking insects which infect man with typhus, and so the outbreaks were suppressed before they grew too large.

The United States Typhus Commission which has been studying this group of diseases has recently announced from its laboratories in Cairo that encouraging results have followed the use of a vaccine to protect hospital attendants in the typhus wards. In any case, it is not likely that any of the group which are not already established in our country will become

serious invaders, for the authorities are aware of the danger and have erected barriers against them.

Malaria is not a tropical disease, but a scourge throughout the world. However, it does its greatest damage in hot countries, where it flourishes best. Malaria represented a great menace to our military effort. Of the Australians in New Guinea, 3000 were killed or injured by the enemy while 30,000 were hospitalized for malaria. In the Burma campaign during 1944 there were 26,000 battle casualties; malaria sent 237,000 to the hospitals. So great was the damage done by this and other insect-borne diseases that in some of our later assaults whole islands were sprayed with DDT before the troops landed.

There is no danger of importing new strains of malaria into the United States because all known forms of it are already here. It is estimated that one million new cases occur here each year. New methods of malaria control developed under pressure of combat needs will undoubtedly soon be employed throughout the country.

Cholera is essentially a water-borne disease. Since about 85 per cent of the population of the United States is protected by safe water supplies, there is little reason to fear it here. Some of our new drugs are reported to act almost like magic in its treatment. The terrible epidemics of cholera which swept over our southern and eastern states during the nineteenth century, extending even into Canada, are most unlikely to be repeated.

IV

When we consider that our theatres of operations in this war included some of the worst disease-ridden areas of the globe, the small damage sustained by our forces is remarkable. Indeed, it can truthfully be said that the war was in one respect a boon: it greatly stimulated interest in the study of tropical diseases and one of its results will be the clearing up of former disease traps, making them safe for residents as well as for foreign visitors.

This leads us to a final question, now that we possess all the knowledge necessary to wipe out most tropical diseases. Why have many large areas shown so little improvement in health conditions during the last century? The answer lies not in the field of medicine but of economics.

The money producers of the areas affected by these diseases are largely raw materials of agricultural origin, which are shipped over long distances for processing. Since transportation costs are high, every effort is made to keep labor costs at a minimum. That means low standards of living, of efficiency, and of health. Sickness and death rates are excessive, and only a high native birth rate maintains the supply of human labor.

Whenever we are willing to pay the price, the age-old maladies of the hot countries can be practically eliminated. The United States has blazed the trail by its public health work in Panama, Puerto Rico, Guam and Manila. Large sugar, oil, fruit and

rubber companies have established medical and hospital service for their workers, and have found it an excellent investment. Our Navy and Army have recently demonstrated that huge forces, even under combat conditions,

could be maintained with very low sickness rates in lands which had an evil reputation as death holes for the white man.

Can we do the same in times of peace?



ARITHMETIC

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE arithmetic of the world
Is a mockery;
When have gain and eminence
Come to anything but zero
In the eyes of children, angels,
And the swaying dandelions of the field?

Cling to the memories
That pierce and corrode;
All philosophy and wisdom
And the healing sorrow
Of the warm distances of the mind
Are in them,
All around and about and deep within.

Do you seek
The one true metaphysic?
Look at the ocean and the sky before a summer storm,
Or the treasured, lawful loot
Of the respected, mighty and dead.

Merely to be
Is immortality enough.
But the true ferocity of love
Is the one divine immensity.

THE ONE-MAN MAGAZINES

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

MAGAZINES, like newspapers, make impressions on the brain cells of their loyal readers; and as one looks back upon the most successful periodicals, one sees that those which had one captain at the helm lasted longer than those haphazardly conducted by a board of directors. Provided, always, that the solitary captain was of the right stuff, capable of taking enormous responsibility, never afraid to go ahead where a council would be too frightened to pursue some new road. It takes courage to outline a policy and stick to it.

If the single writer, working alone, has his high responsibility in shaping some school of thought, the editor, with innumerable contributors at his command, is possessed of a weapon ten times as strong; for he can guide his authors and impress upon them his own ideas and his innate good taste.

If some estimable citizen nowadays should decide to publish one of those little magazines that slip conveniently into one's pocket, with himself as the

sole arbiter of the table of contents, the doubting Thomases might be tempted to call him an egotist or a dreamer. They would in all probability add that he had a superiority complex and smile at his cupidity. As a matter of fact, the potential sole editor might have no vanity at all. His one desire is to put over some ideas of his own, to help to form opinion on matters that seem to him important. But such a periodical must not become merely a toy; it must have a serious purpose. Even humor comes under that head.

The first one-man magazine I can remember is *The Lark*, which came into being in 1895, when all the world was young, lad. It was conceived by Gelett Burgess, then a youthful writer and artist in San Francisco, and happily still with us. It was what might be called the initial tabloid magazine, and Mr. Burgess, with scarcely any capital, but with the courage that is the backbone of fearless youth, filled its sixteen pages with no outside help; and that meant that he had to supply a serious poem, an

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, singing the praises of New York City for so many years, both in prose and verse, has been accused of being the press agent for his beloved Manhattan. But he is many other things too: a poet, a novelist, an editor, a traveler, and for two seasons an actor, playing the rôle of the clergyman in *Life With Father*. Many of his recollections appear in his recently published autobiography, *So Far So Good*.

essay, a piece of fiction, many novelties and a nonsense verse which he illustrated. He also supplied the cover design. In the very first issue there appeared a nonsense verse, by the editor and publisher, which has since gone around the world. Maybe you have heard it; maybe not. Here it is:

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

Now, if this had been submitted to another magazine which had a corps of editors, would it have been accepted? I doubt it. Nor probably would the editor have accepted this witty protest:

Ah yes, I wrote the Purple Cow,
I'm sorry now I wrote it;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it.

But of the innumerable parodies of this quatrain, Mr. Burgess thinks the cleverest was by O. Henry:

I never beat a Rotten Egg,
I never hope to beat one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather beat than eat one.

Mr. Burgess told me that at the end of two years, when *The Lark* was at the height of its vogue and actually making money, he quit sowing his literary wild oats and came East, which every young man seemed to have the habit of doing. He was not afraid of taking his chances with sedate magazine editors. Like many artists he had found that one's best work often has to be done for small pay, but the real reward comes later.

There are a limited number of complete files of *The Lark* — a collector's item — that readers may care to know about. They sell for somewhere between thirty and forty dollars. How about renewing your old acquaintance with Mr. Burgess's Goops? They are guaranteed to make your children smile as you and I smiled so long ago.

II

At about the time *The Lark* was going strong, out in Chicago there appeared a smartly printed one-man magazine called *The Chap Book*. Herbert S. Stone, of the publishing firm of Stone & Kimball, was the editor; and I recall that the late Harrison Rhodes, who was to become a successful playwright, novelist and essayist, was on his staff. Both must have been influenced by the English magazine, *The Yellow Book* — not as to format, but as to the kind of contributors Mr. Stone was in search of. In one of the earliest issues, for instance, there appeared the first review of A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* by the distinguished American poet, Louise Imogen Guiney. It affected all of us deeply in those quiet days when people had time not only to read and appreciate poetry, but to hail young poets coming over the hill.

Every aspiring writer of that sadly vanished period longed to have the aristocratic pages of *The Chap Book* enriched by something from his ambitious pen. Big names were desired, which was only natural; yet unknown

authors were cordially welcomed. Every editor worthy of his profession is eager to make literary discoveries, and *The Chap Book* made a great many. Its standards were undeviatingly high — which was only another reason for wishing to pass through the sacred portals.

And who that lived in the stimulating nineties can fail to remember the day when a sensational personality, one Elbert Hubbard, appeared on the literary scene with his unique little fit-the-pocket periodical, *The Philistine*, with its pseudo-philosophical essays written by the editor himself, known to his readers as Fra Elbertus? He had a knack for the unexpected phrase, a seemingly limitless supply of verbal quips that surprised his readers out of any sluggish mood. The consequence was that he put East Aurora, a tiny village near Buffalo, on the map. And odd as it may seem, he took in tourists and sold them wooden furniture which was cheap and not bad at all. It was a forerunner of the Grand Rapids nailless type of furniture that was to have so great a vogue.

Fra Elbertus was an autocrat, and he had a genius for getting something out of everyone he met. I know this little incident to be true. Richard Le Gallienne was invited to spend an entire summer in one of the small cottages that dotted the landscape around the sacred editorial office. Delightful — until Hubbard, showing some ardent guests about the place, pointed out the romantic-looking writer with his heavy black locks,

as though he were an exhibit in a museum. And when each issue of *The Philistine* came out, the poet discovered that all his pleasant literary talks uttered every evening in Hubbard's study were printed almost verbatim. He could scarcely protest, as he had been given bed and board for as long as he wished to stay.

Hubbard's finest piece of writing, *A Message to Garcia*, appeared in *The Philistine*, and later as a tiny brochure in limp leather. It made him famous overnight. Picturesque, with a noble forehead and a fringe of long hair that hung over his neck, he attracted attention wherever he went. We would probably call him an exhibitionist today; and he really must have been one, for he went into vaudeville for a time, giving one of his sprightly talks which many of his audience did not understand. He lost his life on the *Titanic*.

There were those who said of this astonishing figure that he enjoyed being stared at more than being read; that *The Philistine* was only the spring-board he used to leap into a personal and dubious popularity. If he loved adulation, he was at least frank enough to admit his weakness, which is more than the matinée idols of his day dared to do.

III

Out in St. Louis (these one-man magazines seem to spring up in all parts of the country) there was until a few years ago a real lover of literature

named William Marion Reedy. A man of enormous girth; he was anything but indolent; and he cared very little about money. But he did care passionately for his periodical, *Reedy's Mirror*. He wrote, like Hubbard, all his editorials and filled the other pages with contributions from the pens of the best writers, who expected no generous honorarium, but were only too happy to have their work appear in these august pages. *Reedy's Mirror* was almost too good to be true. It was an editor's dream of what a magazine should be. It was full of literary surprises. How did this man, single-handed, and with only a small capital, manage to capture such superlative material?

I shall never forget the day when my regular copy came in, and I read, breathlessly, a series of vignettes or portraits in sharp yet orderly blank verse with the title, *Spoon River Anthology*. They were signed by one Webster Ford — a name I had never before seen or heard.

I experienced an hour or two of intense excitement; for here was something akin to genius. When I quieted down, I telegraphed Reedy, whom I had never met, telling him of my enthusiasm and begging to know where I might send a message to this new poet. Reedy's reply was disappointing: Webster Ford was a pseudonym, and the poet's identity could not possibly be revealed. But his secret could not be kept forever. Later, it developed that Edgar Lee Masters, then a Chicago lawyer, had

written these extraordinary poems but felt that if he published them under his own name, all his clients would leave him — so great, in our foolish old world, is the prejudice against poets! And, alas, he may have been right. The courts lost a fine lawyer; but the world gained a finer poet.

I heard W. B. Yeats say, some years later, that after reading *Spoon River* he often wandered about his Irish hills and quoted that loveliest line: "All, all are sleeping on the hill."

Why do we not have editors today of Reedy's flame and passion? We need their guidance as we need spiritual food; and no pocket magazine is so small that it cannot carry their big message.

In the first years of this century, Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, issued another of these diminutive magazines, calling it *The Bibelot*. Mitchell Kennerley, who afterwards in connection with his own publishing house brought forth *The Reader* and later *The Forum*, once observed to me that he believed Mosher had a profound effect upon his generation. The minor classics included in *The Bibelot*, and in dainty cloth and leather book bindings, were eagerly purchased by a large public anxious to be thought cultured; and Mosher fed them well. He printed many of the poems of that tragic figure, Francis Thompson, when only a handful of discerning people knew his work.

Like Reedy and Stone, Mosher loved good literature, and he com-

municated his enthusiasm to those wise enough to purchase the works on his extensive list. There were a sufficient number among his rich clientele to keep Mosher going for many years.

His was a beautiful business, he used to say, of which he never tired. "Books once were men," as George Barr McCutcheon later said. Mosher knew that long ago.



THE LIBRARY

Trotsky on Stalin

BY BERTRAM D. WOLFE

IN ALL literature there is no more dramatic relation between author and subject than in this biography of Joseph Stalin by Leon Trotsky.¹ It is like Robespierre doing a life of Fouché, Kurbsky of Ivan the Terrible, Muenzer of Martin Luther, Sathanas of the Archangel Michael . . . with the world still beset with controversy as to which was Prince of Heaven and which Lord of the Powers of Darkness.

The hero, or anti-hero, of this biography has already after his own fashion done a life of his biographer: in the purge trials; in the burning of a succession of official party histories and the ultimate dictating of his own; in the retroactive editing of his past and Trotsky's on a scale possible only to the master of a state which possesses a monopoly alike of the produc-

tion and distribution of goods and of the production and distribution of ideas. In Stalin's history of the Party Trotsky is drawn as "Judas Iscariot" betraying Lenin, opposing the Revolution of 1917 with which he somehow got identified, attempting to surrender the new Soviet state to Germany early in 1918, directing the bullet which struck Lenin down later in the same year, trying his hardest to lose the Civil War, and thereafter engaging in "the betrayal of state secrets and the supply of information of an espionage character to foreign espionage services, the vile assassination of Kirov, acts of wrecking, diversion and explosions, the dastardly murder of Menzhinsky, Kuibyshev and Gorky — all these and similar villainies over a period of twenty years."

Trotsky's *Stalin* is only fully understandable when we bear in mind that it is Trotsky's rejoinder, his last word in defense of his own career and in

¹ STALIN: *An Appraisal of the Man and His Influence*, by Leon Trotsky. Edited and translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. \$5. Harper.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE has known personally both Trotsky and Stalin as well as other Soviet leaders, and has made three visits to Russia totaling more than two years. He also established and directed the Tass Bureau in Mexico. At present Mr. Wolfe is writing a triple biography of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin to be published under the title, *Three Who Made a Revolution*. He is also the author of *Diego Rivera: His Life and Times* and other works on Latin America.

indictment of his powerful antagonist. A good part of it is chapter and verse refutation of Stalin's official and originally anonymous *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*. Many arid pages are devoted to a detailed re-examination of the actual record, a resurrection of suppressed and flouted documents, an interminable going over the lists of committees in charge of this and that to show that they did not always consist of Lenin and Stalin alone, that Stalin's name was as a rule not even in second place, that often it did not figure in the list at all.

"History is becoming clay in the hands of the potter," exclaims Trotsky. But how different would his tone have been, how much more scornful and devastating his invective, had he known that he was quarreling not with the will-less potter's wheel, but with the potter himself. If he had lived until January 20, 1946, he would have learned from the columns of *Pravda* that Stalin is himself the author of this strange work of historical falsification, endless self-quotation and self-glorification, and that the anonymous *History* first published in 1938 will soon appear as Volume XV of Joseph Stalin's sixteen-volume *Collected Works*!

Read thus together, both Stalin's *History* and Trotsky's biography of Stalin take on enormously more meaning, tension and intellectual excitement. Many an obscure passage, so trivial-seeming that one wondered why Stalin even put it into a book, suddenly reveals itself as a cover for

something far from trivial. Those episodes and passages in which Stalin's undocumented assertions seem wildest and most nonsensical turn out to be the places in Trotsky's book where the documents speak most eloquently. Even as these two men were polar opposites bound to each other by antagonistic energies in a single, highly charged magnetic field, so their two books are inseparably bound together as polar complements of each other.

II

As befits a volume thus conceived in controversy, the manuscript of Trotsky's *Stalin* has had a stormy history. Some of the source material was lugged by its author across Siberia to exile in remote Alma Ata, then to Turkey, Norway, France, Mexico, as he was driven from land to land. The book was written in a semi-fortress home in peaceful-seeming Coyoacan, behind heavily barred doors, guarded by Mexican police and pistol-carrying disciples, beneath specially constructed turrets on which machine guns were mounted. Work on the later chapters was pressed unremittingly in a conscious race with death, after the home had been broken into by Mexican Communists disguised as police, the bed where Trotsky and his wife had been sleeping a moment before riddled with machine gun bullets, his grandson Seva wounded and his secretary-guard, Sheldon Harte, carried off and murdered. "Stalin

will strike again," said the author, knowing his subject and knowing how anxious the latter was to prevent his giving his testimony to the world.

A few months later, the long arm of the GPU reached again into his home, by guile this time, and plunged a short-handled alpine pick into his pulsing brain. "On August 20, 1940," writes translator-editor Charles Malamuth, "Trotsky was struck a mortal blow on the back of his head with a pickaxe and his brain wrenched out while he was reading a manuscript. . . . That is why this and other portions of this book remain unfinished."

Seven chapters (out of twelve), and all three appendices, had been completed, translated, and the translation checked by Leon Trotsky. Thereafter the translator, whom Death had transformed into editor, constructed the remaining five chapters out of notes, hints, work sheets, and unfinished fragments. Even if the author had lived to finish it, the work would have suffered from a certain imbalance since Trotsky was more interested in the formative period that made Stalin's character, and in the devices by which he rose to power, than in the uses he made of his power once it was complete and all opponents eliminated. But the pathetic ending of the manuscript in the middle of a sentence adds to the imbalance.

The later chapters, reconstructed like a broken mosaic by Charles Malamuth, are a marvel of patient care and insight. Yet the scope and the sparkle

and polish that Trotsky was wont to give to his finished work are lacking. Here and there the connective passages supplied by the editor — always scrupulously marked off by square brackets — reveal Malamuth's prejudice in favor of democracy rather than Trotsky's prejudice against it. To Trotsky's wife and political heirs a few of these interpolations seemed so alien to the spirit of the original that they were preparing to bring suit to enjoin Harper from publishing, when suddenly the publishing house itself decided that it was not "timely" to let the American people know all they could possibly learn about the man who had just become our ally. So, while Ambassador Davies and others of his school were painting Joseph Stalin as a gentle, pipe-puffing soul at whose feet dogs loved to lie and on whose knees children loved to coo, this well documented, revealing picture was withheld from us for four long years. Whatever its deficiencies, it would have been worth a thousand Davies and Durantys in those war years. This incident, and many like it, should make us reconsider the system of "voluntary censorship" with its amateur judgments by countless censors who are without responsibility to the citizenry and beyond the reach of public protest.

Nor does that end the vicissitudes of the ill-fated work. On page 399 Trotsky wrote:

The part of the Oppositionist writings that I managed to bring out with me at the time of my expulsion to Turkey is now

in the Harvard Library and *at the disposal of all those who may be interested in studying the record of that remarkable struggle by going to the original sources.* [Italics are mine.]

Alas, poor dead man, unable to defend his will! At this writing the Harvard Library has clapped a twenty-five year seal upon these documents — strange fate for the papers of one who once electrified the world by broadcasting the secret treaties of his country and its allies in the midst of war. It is to be hoped that Harvard will soon follow the example of Harper's in giving the American people the right of access to such important material concerning an ally with whom we must cooperate in peace as in war.

III

Leon Trotsky was a born writer (his earliest underground name was *Pero* — the Russian word for "pen"), with a strong sense of literary form and a fastidious pride in every line he wrote. Doubtless he would have worked hard to make this book, so important to him, more nearly equal to his best. But, in any case, the finished portions betray that it would have sagged far below his masterpieces, *The Year 1905* and *The History of the Russian Revolution*. The completed chapters are inferior, too, to the finished portions of a life of Lenin, likewise interrupted by death. This *Stalin* is not done — to put it mildly — *con amore*, but as a disagreeable duty by one with an

obvious distaste for the machinations and falsifications which he feels obliged to follow with such painful and painstaking detail. The very grossness of Stalin's invective has impelled Trotsky, himself an undoubted master of powerful invective, to assume an unwonted dry and colorless restraint. Moreover, he is haunted by the fear that the unthinking and unconcerned will attribute his book to hatred rather than a desire to restore the erased outlines of historical truth.

At times grudgingly, at times freely, Trotsky concedes to Stalin whatever strong points he can: "indomitable will (a will that always immeasurably surpassed his intellectual powers); firmness of character and action; grit; stubbornness; and to a certain extent even his slyness . . . ruthlessness and conniving, attributes indispensable in the struggle" with an enemy class; "personal courage; cold persistence and practical common sense."

But the mainspring of Stalin's personality Trotsky finds to be "love of power, ambition, envy — active, never-slumbering envy of all who were more gifted, more powerful, of higher rank than he."

Trotsky proves from incontestable documents that up to 1917 Stalin was not regarded as a leader, hardly even on a provincial scale, but as a second-string lieutenant, "a small time propagandist and organizer"; that in the fateful year 1917 when all the other leaders "went around with cracked voices" from addressing mass-

meetings Stalin proved lacking in the fire and eloquence to stir the people; that "he emerged from the Civil War as unknown and alien to the masses as he had from the October Revolution." Stalin's secret and spectacular rise to power, Trotsky maintains, "began only after it had become possible to harness the masses with the aid of the machine." Through it all Stalin remained "what he is to this day, a mediocrity, though not a nonentity," with an inherent political "caution" in making up his mind, an utter "lack of initiative, daring and originality . . . never anticipating anything, never running ahead of any one, preferring to measure ten times before cutting the cloth. Inside this revolutionist always lurked a conservative bureaucrat."

In this psychological analysis there are some major difficulties which Trotsky never succeeds in surmounting. How did this incurable "mediocrity" rise to the position of most powerful single individual on the face of the earth? This is a problem comparable to the one so many analysts of Hitler have left unsolved: after they have exhibited the Dictator of Berchtesgaden as ignorant, psychopathic, a mediocre misfit in private life, they are at a loss to explain what forces elevated such a man to leadership of a great and cultured nation. Trotsky rightly shifts his ground from the psychological to the sociological, but his sociological schemata hobble his analysis rather than guide it. As Trotsky sees it, "Thermidorean reac-

tion" was inevitable in Russia unless its revolution spread to the West. Stalin was "the best possible expression of this bureaucratic conservative reaction" and his rise to power inevitable, too. ("Lenin's recovery could not, of course, have prevented the superseding of the Revolution by the bureaucratic reaction. Krupskaya — Lenin's wife — had sound reasons for observing in 1926: 'If Volodya were alive he would be in prison now.'")

But how can one lead a struggle against reaction under the slogan that reaction is inevitable? How unleash the resources of moral condemnation upon a phenomenon as natural and unavoidable as an earthquake? Clearly it is one of the secrets of Trotsky's defeat in the struggle with his antagonist, as it is one of the deficiencies of the present book that its author's mind was paralyzed by this self-disarming dogma of "inevitability."

Akin to it is Trotsky's underestimation of the capacities of the man with whom he had to deal. Trotsky's Jewish heritage as a descendant of "the People of the Book"; his Marxist heritage as a disciple of the greatest sociological thinker of modern times; his literary heritage as a lover of the Russian tongue and master of the written word; his revolutionary heritage as the pre-eminent tribune of the people, able by flaming eloquence to stir the masses, hearten them to struggle, lift them outside their petty personal concerns to the level of action on the arena of history — all these combined to make Trotsky set the highest pos-

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sible value upon ideas, originality and theoretical clarity in their formulation, exactness in their expression, eloquence in writing and in speech, contagious personal magnetism and attractive force. In these respects Stalin always was and remains to this day what Trotsky calls him: a gray and colorless mediocrity. But as the builder of a political machine, or, if not as builder, then as master of the art of winning such a machine once opportunity offered and of utilizing it for his purposes, as a manipulator of men and a master of the art of disposing of his forces, Stalin has had few equals. Certainly, Trotsky was not one of them. All his life, when he was apart from Lenin, he proved unable to build a machine. When he entered Lenin's machine, he had no talents for taking possession of it.

If he had lived until 1946, could he have continued to call the master of the greatest state machine in history a mere "mediocrity"? Could he have continued to insist that this dictator was "lacking in initiative, originality, and daring" and "ever prone to take the path of least resistance" while Stalin was surprising his hesitant, would-be allies by making a pact with Hitler to win without war a fifth of Europe; while he was contriving to hold the same gains with Allied sanction when Hitler had broken the pact; while, all through the war and the peace which followed, he was continuing to make gains and to face his Allies with a dizzying succession of audacious *faits accomplis*?

The central problem of this book and of Stalin's career is one which Trotsky repeatedly touches on, yet leaves unsolved. It is the problem of Stalin's relation to Lenin: to Lenin's, or we may properly say Lenin's and Trotsky's Revolution, and to Lenin's Party machine. "Stalin," writes Trotsky at one point, "represents a phenomenon utterly exceptional. He is neither a thinker, a writer nor an orator. He took possession of power not with the aid of personal qualities, but with the aid of an impersonal machine. And it was not he who created the machine but the machine that created him." What was there in that machine which could create a Stalin? The author nowhere in these pages asks the question clearly or clearly answers it.

Yet there was a time, back in 1904, when Trotsky rose to the heights of brilliant prophecy, and warned Lenin that the machine the latter was creating (undemocratic, centralized, ruled and directed from above, naming professional agents to run each local organization, which nominees would in turn assemble in convention to confirm the Central Committee which had named them) — that such a machine would inevitably breed personal dictatorship.

"The organization of the Party," warned Trotsky, "will take the place of the Party itself; the Central Committee will take the place of the organization; and finally, the dictator

will take the place of the Central Committee."

Why is it that in the present book Trotsky nowhere ventures to recall this brilliant example of scientific prophecy, so painfully verified by history? There are moments when that insight hovers on the threshold of consciousness. "In this connection," writes Trotsky at one point, "it is rather tempting to draw the inference that future Stalinism was already rooted in Bolshevik centralism, or, more sweepingly, in the underground hierarchy of professional revolutionaries." "*Rather tempting*" — but Trotsky refuses to be tempted.

When Trotsky and Lenin joined forces in 1917, it was on the basis of a political *quid pro quo*. Trotsky accepted once for all Lenin's machine, and Lenin accepted Trotsky's conception of the nature of the Russian Revolution. As Trotsky accepted Lenin's undemocratic machine, Lenin accepted Trotsky's no less undemocratic idea, first formulated in 1905, that the Russian Revolution might dispense with democracy and leap right over to a minority dictatorship by a single minority party acting in the name of a minority class.

An undemocratic machine to seize power and make an undemocratic revolution! That combination contained a mighty potential for totalitarianism: for a one-party dictatorship which would drain the soviets of their political content as parliaments of the working class; for a Central Committee dictatorship which would drain

the Party of its political content as forum for planning and discussion; for personal dictatorship which would drain the Central Committee of its political content as leading body of the Party. Even as Trotsky had predicted in 1904, so with the fatality of Greek tragedy did the drama unfold, until it ended for Trotsky with a pickaxe in the back of the brain.

But there was a complement to Trotsky's warning of 1904, a warning and prophecy uttered at the same time by Lenin against Trotsky's concept of an undemocratic revolution. Wrote Lenin against Trotsky in 1905:

"Whoever attempts to achieve socialism by any other route than that of political democracy will inevitably arrive at the most absurd and reactionary results, both political and economic."

Also a brilliant foreseeing! But in 1917, when Lenin accepted Trotsky's concept of the Russian Revolution and Trotsky accepted Lenin's concept of the Party machine, they compounded each other's errors and raised the totalitarian potential to the second power. There was a world war on, and both men had reason to hope that a spread of the Russian Revolution to all warring countries might save Russia from the consequences which each of them had foreseen by halves. But in place of the World Revolution . . . came Stalin! That is the real meaning of Trotsky's "inevitability." Like a cuttlefish in a cloud of ink he shies away from its implications wherever they suggest themselves in these

pages. For he approaches Stalin as a loyal Leninist and Bolshevik, which reduces him, despite his angry scorn, to a species of loyal opposition. He dare not subject Lenin's machine to a real re-examination, that machine which lent itself so easily to the "usurpation" of "the driver's seat" by a totalitarian dictator; which even "created" that dictator; which, once such a man was in the driver's seat, became the juggernaut we know. And he dare not re-examine the seizure of power by a minority party in the name of a minority class or a fraction of that class, in November 1917. Only with this in mind can we understand how he can still describe the Russian totalitarian state as "a workers' state" albeit with "monstrous bureaucratic distortions." Only thus can we understand why he says that state ownership of all property, of the means of production of goods and the means of production of ideas, ownership by the state of the food, the jobs, the bodies and the minds of its subjects, is still "a progressive force."

The real deficiency of this book lies in the unconscious limitations that Trotsky has put upon his task of re-examination of the work of a lifetime. Those limitations reduce him from

the role of a genuine critic to the role of a pretender denouncing "a usurper."

As a psychological and personal study of the dictator who was "created by the machine" and of the stratagems by which he contrived to "usurp the driver's seat," Trotsky's *Stalin* is sometimes brilliant and at all points highly informative and revealing. No one who would understand the character and actions of the man who wields greater power than any other on earth today can afford to miss this book. But those who would understand the most important problem of our time — the problem of democracy versus totalitarianism in a world that is moving everywhere towards greater collectivism and greater state intervention — will have to go beyond its pages. They provide only raw materials. For Trotsky is so contemptuous of democracy that he can think of nothing more devastating to say of the master totalitarian of today than this:

"A plebian democrat of the provincial type, armed with a rather primitive 'Marxist' doctrine — it was as such that he entered the revolutionary movement, and such in essence he remained to the very end. . . ."



THE CHECK LIST

HISTORY

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER, by Captain Harry C. Butcher, USNR. \$5.00. *Simon and Schuster*. This is the diary kept by the naval aide to General Eisenhower in 1942-1945. The relationship between the two men was most friendly, hence the diary is filled with enormously interesting personal observations of the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Eisenhower comes out of it a modest, even shy, man, but also one of tremendous determination and diplomatic skill. On one occasion he battled with Churchill for hours on a point of strategy. "Ike said no, continued saying no all afternoon, and ended in saying no in every form of the English language." Eisenhower also disagreed with Roosevelt on unconditional surrender. In other words, he was not a yes man; yet he knew how to say "maybe," and the manner in which he made the British, the Americans and the French work together on the western front was little short of a miracle. He once said sadly, "If I could get command of a battalion and get into a bullet battle, it would all be so simple." Captain Butcher does not reveal many startling "secrets" about the conduct of the war or about any of the personalities involved; to that extent his book is rather disappointing. But as a collection of observations about a world figure by an admirer who also has an eye for colorful incidents, it makes good reading, and historians probably will consult it to get the "feel" of the people in Allied military headquarters in Europe.

WRATH IN BURMA: The Uncensored Story of General Stilwell and International Maneuvers in the Far East, by Fred Eldridge. \$3.00. *Double-day*. After surviving the barrage of propaganda which the War necessarily evoked, it seems that we must withstand a protracted assault of debunking before achieving some degree of balanced understanding of the hectic years of battle. In that assault, this story of the Burma campaigns is

a major foray. It follows the efforts of General Stilwell to get someone to do a little fighting against the Japanese — efforts which British imperial and Chinese domestic interests allegedly made very difficult. Chiang, it seems, sold both FDR and Chennault a bill of goods, while Wedemeyer tended to fall for Mountbatten's line. It's not quite as bald as that, and indeed the book is often impressive and revealing, but you could hardly call it even-handed.

SUITORS AND SUPPLIANTS: The Little Nations at Versailles, by Stephen Bonsal. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall*. A continuation of the same author's *Unfinished Business*, this book presents more selections from the brilliant diary which Mr. Bonsal kept while serving as Colonel House's right-hand man at the Versailles Conference. Arranged topically, most of the book deals with negotiations on the Balkans and the Middle East. Mr. Bonsal's terms are largely human ones as he follows the spokesmen of a dozen national causes, listens to their pleas, and notes the treatment which the Big Four meted out to them. Beyond the spectacle, which he enjoys, and the story, which he tells with ease, he does not venture far. Between the facts of conflict and his hopes of harmony, he finds no resolution. Across the years, *Suitors and Suppliants*, with its thin, pervasive note of Wilsonian idealism, sounds more than archaic: it is saddening.

LAST CHAPTER, by Ernie Pyle. \$2.50. *Holt*. This is Ernie Pyle's last book of dispatches. It deals with the Pacific theatre where he was during the first few weeks of 1945; he was killed on Ie Shima on April 17. "Covering the Pacific War," he said, "was, for me, like learning to live in a new city." But it didn't take him long to know the soldiers and sailors — their fears, dreams, hopes, their courage and basic decencies. No one has written about the American fighting man with more warmth and under-

standing than Ernie Pyle. He attempted no philosophizing. He thought it was sufficient to tell honestly how soldiers live and die thousands of miles away from home. His present book is as good as his previous two; which is to say, it is one of the best books published in the last decade.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

PUBLIC MEN IN AND OUT OF OFFICE, ed. by J. T. Salter. \$4.00. *The University of North Carolina Press*. Twenty-seven biographical essays on American political leaders, more than half of them congressmen. The rest are governors and diplomats except for Truman, Willkie, Wallace and Frank Hague. The authors are professors, newspapermen and civil servants. All of the pieces cover the bare facts of their subjects' career and record well enough. Few of them probe much deeper. Some are panegyrics. The volume seems to have taken an uncommonly long time getting through the press; since it was written, one of the men under discussion has become President, another died, and others have had sundry changes of fortune.

I SEE THE PHILIPPINES RISE, by Carlos P. Romulo. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. General Romulo, the Resident Commissioner of the Philippines in Washington, returned to his homeland in MacArthur's invading entourage, and it made him very happy. Unfortunately, he also wrote a book about it. The book is neither report nor analysis nor proposal. Its information on military operations is limited to a few of MacArthur's communiqués, which it solemnly reprints in full. It also quotes from a number of speeches by the author and other people. The rest reads like a Fourth of July oration — an extravagant, windy and fulsome glorification of the great American people, the great Philippine people and just about everybody else except the Japanese. A double dose of unrelieved and uninformative patriotic uplift.

DEW ON JORDAN, by Harold Preece and Celia Kraft. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Mr. and Mrs. Preece have spent much time among the folk who belong to such organizations as the Pentecostal Holiness Church, The Assemblies of God, the Saints of the Solid Rock, the Duck River

Baptists, the Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, and the Conquering Church of God. They write about them with warmth and understanding, and the result is a document that is at times depressing and at times exhilarating. Altogether a valuable contribution to the study of contemporary religious cults.

FICTION

INTIMATIONS OF EVE, by Vardis Fisher. \$2.75. *Vanguard*. In this, the third of his gigantic series of novels, Mr. Fisher enters properly into the domain which he proposes to survey — the evolution of human morality. The two preceding books brought prehistoric man from the primal depths to a fearful consciousness of the supernatural. Here he makes his first efforts to understand and — by means of magic — to regulate the invisible forces which cause his incessant pains and troubles. Thus Raven, a lazy, philosophic soul driven to his duties of hunting by the family matriarch, begins to suspect her of control over supernatural forces, and devises means of protection against them. The cruelty of Mr. Fisher's portrait of primitive behavior is matched by his ingenuity in reconstructing primitive motivation. Sometimes his almost sadistic absorption with the former leads to considerable digressions from the latter. Nevertheless, both help to make an engrossing and noteworthy volume. If only for its immensity and fixedness of purpose, this stunning project deserves far greater recognition than it has met thus far.

THE BRIDGE OF YEARS, by May Sarton. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. The years which Miss Sarton bridges are those between the two world wars. From that time, she selects four interludes in the life of a Belgian family — a family engaged in resolving the conflicts among its separate members and in battling the moral and physical threats which fascism and impending war raise against its whole existence. A quiet, gentle tale, the book makes up in unity of mood for what it loses by an episodic looseness. It is warm, humane and understanding, but it is also so leisurely that the dominant themes sometimes lose their way in the delicate embroidery which surrounds them.

THE OPEN FORUM

OPPRESSION IN THE SUDETENLAND

Sir: Kindly permit me to make a few comments relative to the arguments made by Mr. F. A. Voight in his article, "Oppression in the Sudetenland," in your May issue.

First: Mr. Voight is writing about the Austrian inhabitants of the Czechoslovak Republic. This is likely to mislead people not well acquainted with conditions in Central Europe into believing that the Germans living in Czechoslovakia are Austrians. The fact is that they are Germans, who wanted to belong to Germany, and not to Austria, to reach their ideal, i.e. to be in one Reich, under one Führer. Even after the war they did not ask to be sent to Austria.

Second: Mr. Voight evidently was not in Czechoslovakia after the war. His report reads as hearsay evidence, supplied apparently by those who do not like Czechoslovakia. The evidence offered by numerous foreign observers and journalists who spent many months in postwar Czechoslovakia, and saw what the German residents and particularly the so-called Sudeten Germans had done to the people of our country, differs substantially from the story of Mr. Voight. It may be possible, and it should be understandable, that some of the so-called Sudeten Germans were treated a bit roughly in the first days after the war, but immediately the Czechoslovak government took all the necessary steps to check any action that would not be in harmony with its traditional policy of tolerance. Those who have seen the evacuation of the Germans from Czechoslovakia testify that it is being done in as humanitarian a fashion as possible under the present conditions of living in Europe.

Third: Yes, Mr. Voight is right when he says that some of the Sudeten Germans were supporting the Czechoslovak Republic. When the final test came, however, and especially during the war when the Germans were intoxicated with easy victories, the Sudeten Germans were among the most ardent Nazis, and were the worst enemies of all that was Czech. The Czechs are not sending from their country those Germans who were really their friends. These Germans will be able to remain in Czechoslovakia.

Foreign newspapermen, diplomats or business-

men, who saw what the Germans had done in Czechoslovakia during the six years of occupation, all agree that the Czechoslovaks are fully justified in moving the Germans out from their country. The U. S. prosecutor at Nuremberg, Mr. Robert H. Jackson, when asked by Czech journalists whether he understood the Czech attitude towards the Germans, said: "Yes, I do. But, were I not present at the Nuremberg trial, I would not be able to understand it."

V. S. HURBAN, [Former] Ambassador
Czechoslovak Embassy
Washington, D. C.

Sir: A poet has not yet been born to write an epitaph for the millions of dead European people exterminated by the Germans (and the so-called Sudeten Germans were one of the worst Teutonic varieties), but advocates are already appearing and shedding tears over the fate of the poor Germans. One of them seems to be Mr. F. A. Voight. He quotes Czech statesmen, Dr. Ripka

CORRECTION

IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June 1946, in the article entitled "Is There a Case for Mihailovich?", page 719, appear the following two sentences: "Tito alleged, on April 5, 1946, that Mihailovich met German officials in the town of Ljig in August 1941 to plan a joint offensive against the Partisans. Stoyan Pribichevich, a Nazi sympathizer, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* for April 6, 1946, disagrees with Tito, charging that Mihailovich did not collaborate until much later." The characterization of Mr. Pribichevich as a "Nazi sympathizer" was an error made accidentally while the article was being rushed to press. Mr. Pribichevich has been foreign correspondent for *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune*; and during the latter part of the war was a foreign correspondent in Yugoslavia for the Combined British and American Press. We regret this error and are glad to print this correction.

and Dr. Beneš, to support his thesis that innocent Germans in Czechoslovakia are being persecuted. Unfortunately he forgets to say that these quotations date back to 1938 and 1939. In the subsequent years of German occupation, the small German minority previously loyal to Czechoslovakia joined the Nazis, and not a single German underground worker would join the Czechs in their struggle against the Nazis.

After every German defeat apologists and speakers for the poor Germans rise up to avert just punishment for the innumerable and most horrible crimes committed by the Germans. There is no Sudetenland (this term was artificially fabricated by the Nazis) and there is no oppression. Czechs are moving Germans out of Czechoslovakia justly, humanely and decently. Instances of mishandling of criminals and even arrested suspects can be found in every police department all over the world. To quote these instances as evidence of Czech terror and oppression is demagoguery. Mr. Voight's article is . . . a nauseating resurrection of both Runcimanism and Goebbelsism . . .

JOSEPH A. WINN, M.D.

New York City.

SUGAR AND POLITICS

SIR: The article by Hubert A. Kenny, "The Sugar Shortage and Politics," contained some very misleading statements. I live in a beet-growing state, but have never heard of the "beet bloc" as he calls it. He says that the country depended on beet growers in World War II for a quarter of our sugar supply, but he didn't say that the government had curtailed the acreage, claiming that other countries with cheaper labor could supply our needs.

Mr. Kenny says that the housewife pays three cents more for her little five pound bag of sugar. Doesn't she pay more for everything? It's not so long ago we got ten pounds of sugar for a dollar and didn't worry about the price. Maybe there was a "powerful pressure group" then, but we gave our families cakes and pies and Jimmie could have jam on his bread when he came in hungry from school.

CLARA SHARP

Outlook, Wash

MUSSELS AND FOXES

SIR: After twice reading Alan Devoe's ecstatic account in the May issue of the intelligence of a mussel I am still unimpressed. According to

Devoe the female mussel has a seasonal litter of a "million or so." Since the mussel population remains fairly constant, this means that with the death of the parents two offspring live to carry on the family tradition. That leaves 999,998 that weren't smart enough to survive.

R. SHAFER

Danville, Ill.

SIR: I was interested in Alan Devoe's article, "Inquiry on a Whopper," in the April number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. That the foxes may use some such method to get rid of fleas does not seem to me entirely impossible.

Everybody who has kept dogs and washed them knows how fleas climb up on a dog's head, as fast as they can, when he is put in a tub. Why should not an animal as intelligent as a fox discover for himself that fleas would do this? And why might it not happen that he would learn that holding something in his mouth for the fleas to escape on would be a help? No special act of the creator to endow the fox with the so-called "instinct" to do that needs to be assumed. A fox would have to stay nearly submerged for some time to let the fleas get off. If there was a current or if the bank was steep and slippery, might he not grab something such as a projecting root or overhanging branch to steady himself, and accidentally find out that it also gave the fleas a convenient exit?

WILLARD G. VAN NAME, Ph.D.

*Associate Curator Emeritus of Invertebrates,
The American Museum of Natural History
New York City.*

DEAN ACHESON

SIR: Mr. Stolberg's "Acheson of the State Department," in the May issue, should be read by millions. He can convincingly tell you *plenty* of a few pages.

JOHN A. SARTH

San Francisco, Calif.

THE WELL-TEMPERED MIND

SIR: Henry Noble MacCracken's article, "The Well-Tempered Mind," in the April issue, gives effective voice to ideas similar to those I heard at prep school in 1932. The youngster then drew the conclusion that his generation had to obtain a well-rounded basis for living. The oldster now cannot help but feel that the blind specialization he sees around him, with practically everybody playing a different key with a resultant hubbub of discordant sound, lacks such a basis.

What Mr. MacCracken, no doubt because his "specialization" is dealing with young minds exclusively, seems unaware of is the fact that the prejudices and specializations which make engineers, scientists, teachers, businessmen, factory workers, and most of the rest of us such lopsided creatures, begins with the impressions absorbed in the home in early years. Is it too much to ask of modern education that, as well as mending its ways in teaching our youth the "well-tempered" mode of living, it teach us adults, who have so sadly missed the boat, how to give the kids a break and start them off with at least the rudimentary equipment of a comparatively open mind?

ARTHUR F. MEDLYN

Pittsfield, Mass.

WEST POINT AND CONSCRIPTION

SIR: The Army welcomes constructive criticism, but "Conscription and the West Point Mind," by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan in the February issue contains such vicious imputations against West Point, and the Army as a whole, that I feel impelled to correct some of the misstatements of fact on which these imputations are based.

Dr. Morgan based much of his argument that the officers of the Army are out of tune with the political and social trends of the times, and are thereby likely to do harm to the minds of young men inducted into the service, upon a definition of "democracy," taken from the War Department's *Training Manual 2000-25*, published in 1928 and long since withdrawn.

I still remember the shock I got when, in 1940, I first read the same quotation in Mauritz Hallgren's *The Tragic Fallacy*. I simply could not believe that any such definition would be permitted in a manual of the United States Army. So I looked up the original text in the War College Library. There I found the explanation: the definition had been quoted out of context and an interpretation placed upon it wholly unwarranted by everything in the text preceding and following this admittedly gross "definition." So far as I can discover, this old definition was first thus quoted out of context by the *New Republic* in the days prior to the German invasion of Russia when that magazine opposed every move toward adequate military preparedness by the United States. Thereafter it has been repeated in several magazines and the *Congressional Record*.

The same manual from which the quotation was torn says, before its crude attempt to define various types of government:

"The United States set up a distinct and different form of government, the product of distinct racial stocks and centuries spent in learning the principles and art of self-government. In practice, our form of government is the most nearly perfect in securing individual rights and ensuring the blessings of liberty."

The manual labels this "representative government."

I offer no defense for the gaucheness of the "definition," which was a crude attempt at defining *pure* democracy as distinct from our form of *representative* democracy. What I do object to is using this isolated definition as indicative of a "militaristic, anti-democratic tradition . . . which . . . is in the blood and fiber of West Point." Extracted alone, the definition can very readily and logically be used as a charge against the attitude of the Army towards our form of government. However, when read in sequence in the actual text, the imputation of an autocratic view immediately evaporates.

So far as I have been able to discover, no West Pointer saw this manual prior to its publication. The official records show that it was prepared not by a regular line officer of the Army, but by a chaplain, C. P. Fitcher, assisted by a Quartermaster reserve officer, Lt. Colonel Albert E. Barnes. The pamphlet was prepared in conjunction with the American Citizenship Foundation of Chicago, Illinois. I have been unable to learn the nature of this organization, but to the best of my knowledge it was wholly a civilian group.

Mr. Morgan reinforces his imputation of anti-democratic tendencies in our officer corps by quoting, again out of context and without any explanation, from some "official Army textbook" which he does not identify, that among "the defects in our [national] policy" is "Direction of military operations by a civilian Secretary of War." I have been unable to locate this quotation, but it possibly comes from Upton's *Military Policy of the United States*, which so graphically pictures the disasters that befell the federal army of the Potomac in 1862 — largely as a result of the direction of military operations by the Secretary of War. I am confident that it is solely this type of interference in the conduct of field operations by Secretary Stanton that was decried in the "official Army textbook."

Subservience of the military to civilian control is preached and taught in the Army from West Point to the War College. This subordination is axiomatic in our democracy. Furthermore, our modern Secretaries of War had learned the sad

lessons of the Civil War and during World Wars I and II, neither Mr. Baker nor Mr. Stimson attempted to direct *military operations in the field*, as was done with such unfortunate results to the Union during the early years of the Civil War.

Dr. Morgan devotes much of his article to a criticism of the teaching staff and methods of instruction at West Point. He quotes: "Amid all the upheaval in American institutions, West Point has stood unaffected in any of its essential characteristics since 1830." I should like to quote from a report by a committee of distinguished educators, headed by Dr. Karl Taylor Compton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which recently made a study of the curricula and practices at the Military Academy:

"The Board was also very much impressed by the enthusiasm of the teaching which they witnessed and with the evidence which was presented to them of the efforts which have been made by the Academic Board and instructor staff to take every possible advantage of advances in the art of teaching through their own conferences and through examination of methods used at other educational institutions. Those members of the Board of Consultants acquainted with the educational program of the Military Academy over a period of years note with approval the modifications which have been introduced as a result of this continual study . . ."

Like all human institutions West Point is not perfect, but its student body today as in the past is made up of men from all walks of life, from every state in the Union. They, the Academy and the Army are dedicated to the maintenance of that Union, under our American form of democracy.

J. LAWTON COLLINS
Lieutenant General, USA
Director of Information

Washington, D. C.

SIR: In Dr. Morgan's diatribe against universal training for peace and its operation by West Pointers, he overlooks two important factors. One is that senior Army officers have always before them the possibility that our diplomats may come to the end of their rope in some serious international difference. If this occurs and war results, our Army and Navy must get the country out of it as cheaply and safely as they can. Dr. Morgan has no responsibility for the lives that might be lost or for what the cost might be if we should ever again need armed force to defend what we think is right. The Army cannot escape this very grave responsibility.

When the Army and the Navy are handed the buck, there is nowhere to pass it except to the people, who must build the equipment and do the fighting under their direction. It may, of course, be selfish for our military leaders to urge a plan that will give our people a fighting chance and the most for their money, simply because they would be happier and more satisfied than they have been with any past military effort. But even the Army would like satisfied customers.

In his indictment of West Point, Dr. Morgan forgets that a career officer must live under a system of laws and regulations specifically laid down by the Congress under the power conferred by the Constitution "To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces." Using this power, any Nervous Nellie who may think the Army is not living right can gather a group of unemployed busybodies and go to the Congress for a law. The Army must live with any and all such laws and like them.

So the student officer at West Point is gradually moulded to conform with the myriad of laws and regulations under which he must live all his life. Believe it or not, these are imposed by the people, through their elected representatives. Why pick on the Army because it must teach its student officers to live under them?

With universal training and a student soldier in every home, our people should come to look upon their Army as groups of their own neighbors, not as some strange beings who must be guarded against every sin and folly that the mind of man can imagine. Even the military-minded West Pointers might enjoy living like normal human beings if they were permitted.

JOHN G. BOOTON
Colonel, Ordnance Dept.

Fort McPherson, Ga.

SIR: The lack of logic in Mr. Morgan's article is apparent in its initial attack on General Marshall's endorsement of universal military training: "When a high-ranking military man pleads for universal military training does he express an impartial, objective judgment, or does he repeat the traditional doctrine of the military caste? When a communist of high standing speaks of communism we expect the orthodox communist line, and we get it. How about the professional soldier?"

What about the professional educators quoted in Mr. Morgan's article? Are their comments on education as subject to question as those of our successful wartime Chief of Staff, General Mar-

shall, on the subject of national defense (obviously their comments on military matters are given more weight than those of General Marshall)? Would it not appear, rather, that the author is trying to tell us that impartiality is attributable only to those professional men who agree with him?

It is rather hard to see the logic in an argument which singles out General Marshall as the chief exponent of a West Point plan "to capture America for the spirit of blind obedience, arbitrary power, and rigid caste stratification." General Marshall is not a West Point graduate, nor were at least half of the senior advisors on General Marshall's wartime staff, including General Handy, Deputy Chief of Staff, General Hull, Chief Operational and Planning Officer, General Bissell, Chief Intelligence Officer, and General Ulio, Adjutant General. Prominent among senior non-graduates in the combat theaters were Generals Krueger, Hodges, Truscott and W. B. Smith (newly appointed Ambassador to Russia).

According to Mr. Morgan, universal military training, U. S. Army tradition and discipline are all "Prussian." This is attributed to the fact that "West Point is Prussian in conception." The "proof" is that in 1817, Sylvanus Thayer, the famous organizer of the Military Academy, brought that pattern back to West Point from Europe. As a matter of fact, Thayer was influenced primarily by the famed French *Ecole Polytechnique*, paid no attention to Prussian tradition, and did not even visit Germany until 1844, eleven years after his final look at West Point.

Amongst many others, the statement that "nearly all textbooks are written by West Point men" is not true. When I was a cadet, the texts on mathematics, electricity, history, economics, English and chemistry, to name a few, were the same as those being used at many of the larger civilian institutions of learning. Even in military history, most of the texts were written by non-graduates. There was a time, of course, when practically all of the scientific and engineering texts at West Point and all other engineering schools in the United States were written by West Pointers. West Point was the first engineering school in the United States, and in the middle of the last century the more important civilian scientific schools were using West Point texts in such subjects as geometry, algebra, analytical geometry, calculus, industrial drawing, surveying, acoustics, optics, analytical mechanics, and civil engineering.

Mr. Morgan's criticisms of West Point and the

Army serve merely as a vehicle for his attacks against universal military training, which he evidently prefers not to argue on their own merits. It is futile to suggest, as he does, that we "postpone action on conscription" until further investigation is made. The history of the United States is a 170-year investigation of the national defense of the United States. Further delay, further study, will not alter the basic, stubborn facts of that history. If "peacetime universal compulsory military training . . . would be a blow to freedom," what then can one say of foreign domination of our country? In this atomic age, a war would be catastrophic to both sides of a conflict, win or lose. But if one side be unprepared for conflict, then the catastrophe would be visited only upon the victim.

T. N. DUPUY
Lt. Col., GSC

Washington, D. C.

SIR: There has been wide comment on my article, "Conscription and the West Point Mind." Most of the statements to which exception is taken are quotations from the writings of West Point men who have served on the West Point faculty. Other criticisms can be answered from similar sources.

The statement is made that West Point is not German, but French, in its origin. Let me quote Major General Henry D. Russell, with twenty-nine years' Army service, including membership on the Pearl Harbor inquiry board:

Our West Point regular army system was derived largely from Germany. It has remained chiefly Prussian at the core because it has always run itself. It kept that control during the war, despite the size of our Army, by jerking former civilian officers from key command positions — except from battalion on down where most of the fighting was done — and replacing them with regulars.

A draft would hand that controlling clique millions of men on a platter. It would not have to change its caste system, revise its promotion methods from the fraternal or seniority set-up to a merit basis, or make any other democratic changes to attract volunteers. And there would be no one to keep it from forcing its theories down the throats of each succeeding generation of youngsters. . . .

Give such a clique enough generations of impressionable youth, or give it more potent powers now (control of the atom?), and soon the entire country would be under the rule of a handful of men who are taught from their

first year as West Point plebes that "the ranking officer is always right." (From quotation in an article by Kenneth L. Dixon in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, April 4, 1946.)

It takes unusual independence of character to go through the West Point regime and still maintain independence of thinking. Such a character is General H. C. Holdridge, graduate of West Point, for six years instructor in history there, from 1940 to 1943 Commandant of the Adjutant General's School at Fort Washington, Maryland, and with almost thirty years of army service. Concerning the Prussian character of the Army, in his testimony before the House Military Affairs Committee, he said:

The country has never taken a close look at the Army. Such a close look will show that the Army is an anachronism. It is a feudalistic organization carried over into the atomic age. It has inherited most of its feudal concepts from Baron Von Steuben, the Prussian drillmaster in Washington's Army, and the rest from the British Army. Our Navy is in about the same situation. (Statement before House Military Affairs Committee.)

Speaking of the "strictly military value" of universal compulsory military training, he stated: "The Army is running true to form. It is always one or two wars behind in its thinking." "We came out of [the First World War] with the nucleus of a revolutionary new weapon — air power — but for twenty years . . . the Army leadership fumbled the situation, eliminated General Mitchell, shackled air power to the foot soldier, committed itself to action on mass armies, and thereby served notice on the world that it would take us two or three years to build up a mass army if war should come. . . . We committed ourselves to the wrong kind of war." He continued:

The problem cannot be decided piecemeal, as the Army is trying to do, but must be decided by Congress through the combined efforts of representatives of the three forces, our scientists, our educators and our industrialists. The Army has looked in the back of the book, put its finger on the same old answer, "compulsory military training," and is trying to work the problem backward to force that answer to fit the problem of the atomic bomb. As a matter of fact, not only is that not the right answer, but the problem is no longer in the same old book.

As to the anti-democratic autocracy and caste system at West Point, General Holdridge says:

The Army's most prominent characteristic is its medieval caste system, which sets up unsurmountable barriers between the officer aristocracy and the enlisted man. . . . It teaches blind obedience to orders of an aristocratic ruling class. It promotes class consciousness and class cleavages. It is undemocratic and un-American.

The army's judicial system is not a system of justice at all, but a system of military discipline and punishment, carried over from the days of Gustavus Adolphus by way of the British Army. Under this system the commander is often accuser, judge, jury, court of appeals and executioner. . . . The court procedures are inherited from the feudal era, and the "brass" and authority are frightening. . . .

The basic philosophies of our Army leadership are as autocratic and absolutist as their techniques of control. The Army speaks the language of democracy, but it has little understanding of the spirit of democracy, and has developed no techniques for the practical realization of democracy. The Army leadership is class-conscious, ultra-conservative, absolutist. . . . The training program of the Army is no more democratic than Hitler's compulsory training program was democratic. It is not democracy but regimentation. It will result in the standardization of our American youth.

It may be argued that an army cannot be democratic. That argument is open to question, as no form of democratic control has ever been tried. There is certainly a broad area in which new concepts of democracy might well be tried. Certainly, if the machinery of control over the Army is non-democratic, and if the indoctrination of the Army under our totalitarian leadership is non-democratic, there can be little hope that democracy will survive. Totalitarianism has no geographical frontiers. It is a disease that can flourish anywhere. The Army as at present constituted, with its caste system, its feudal concepts of justice, its reactionary philosophies, and its lack of understanding of democracy offers an excellent breeding ground for totalitarianism. At the end of the course of training our boys will have less understanding of democracy, instead of more.

. . . I would be failing in my duty if I did not point out that at West Point are perpetuated and inculcated the army caste system, class consciousness and class barriers, blind obedience to an officer aristocracy and absolut-

(Continued on page 126)

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(Continued from page 124)

ism. From West Point these extraneous philosophies permeate the entire military establishment.

As to the regime at West Point, General Holdridge, who taught history there for six years, urges: "Eliminate the sadistic, degrading, sophomoric Plebe system and the caste system at West Point."

The strongest support of our criticism of West Point methods has come from West Point, from cadets and others. They state that the criticisms in my article are in the main correct, and they go into detail.

There is criticism of my quotation from the official Army *Training Manual on Citizenship*, No. 2000-25, which unqualifiedly denounces democracy. I hold that this quotation is not only justified, but that it illustrates a type of textbook which should be obsolete in American education.

I am no blind devotee of democracy. I recently wrote: "We need to free ourselves from worship of democracy as a sacred idea which must not be examined. We need to examine it just as critically and objectively as we need to examine any other social or national concept. Emotional servitude to the idea of democracy is no sounder than emotional servitude to any other idea." But I should say the same about representative government. American government is not democracy alone or a representative government alone, but a pragmatic union of various types, to make the best working whole.

After discussion in high school and college for more than a generation—one of the greatest discussion periods in all history—the initiative and referendum, which represent direct-action democracy, became accepted policies in much of American government. Yet we read in this same army textbook which denounces democracy (page 93):

No direct action.—Under the representative form of government [which is described as the American form] there is no place for "direct action." The inherent characteristic of a republic is government by representation. The people are permitted to do only two things; they may vote once every four years for the executive and once in two years for members of the legislative body.

On page 99 of this same army manual we read:

Whenever the republican form of government has not achieved success the difficulty has not been with the system but with its faulty application.

Several dangerous experiments have been proposed, such as the initiative, referendum, recall,

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and the election of judges. Departures from constitutional principles threaten to impair the efficiency of our representative form of government and, if continued, will ultimately destroy it.

Again we read (p. 101):

America is basically made and refuses to any the right to alter the plans, destroy any part of the structure, or rebuild it to their liking.

This textbook has much in it that is excellent, as does the *Communist Manifesto*, or the *Koran*, but like them it is highly propagandistic, and its whole form and spirit is not an invitation to inquiry, but a collection of authoritative pronouncements, to be learned and followed, but not to be questioned. It is an example of what I have criticized in West Point education.

Lt. Col. C. L. Hall, then of West Point, writing in *School and Society* on "The West Point System of Education," stated: "A more serious difficulty is the local deification of the textbook. The cadet is trained to think on his feet . . . but . . . he cannot be encouraged to question the accuracy of the statements in the text; still less to question their philosophy. . . . The Academy does discourage one quality much sought in modern education, namely intellectual skepticism. . . . Initiative . . . must be within the scope of the field of knowledge determined by higher authority. A question of the bases of this knowledge is certainly discouraged."

My article dealt with the influence of the West Point mind in throttling science, quoting foremost American scientists; in throttling medicine, quoting a foremost authority with much Army experience; and in throttling engineering research for two generations when it had power to do so. (For a part of my basis in the field of engineering, see my paper read at a meeting of which the Chief of Engineers of the Army was chairman, in the *Transactions* of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Vol. 93, 1929. It records a careful and thoroughgoing study, supplementing my own experience.) I have seen no statements to controvert any of these criticisms, on science, medicine or engineering.

One does not lightly take issue with a powerful, thoroughly disciplined caste which has many hundreds of millions of dollars and great political power at its disposal. I wrote only because I believe that a great issue is at stake. A proposed policy which would profoundly change the mental attitude of American youth is a proper subject for free responsible discussion.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

Yellow Springs, Ohio.



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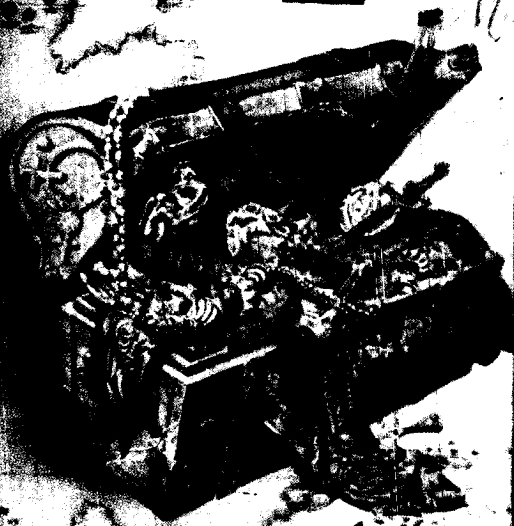
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